

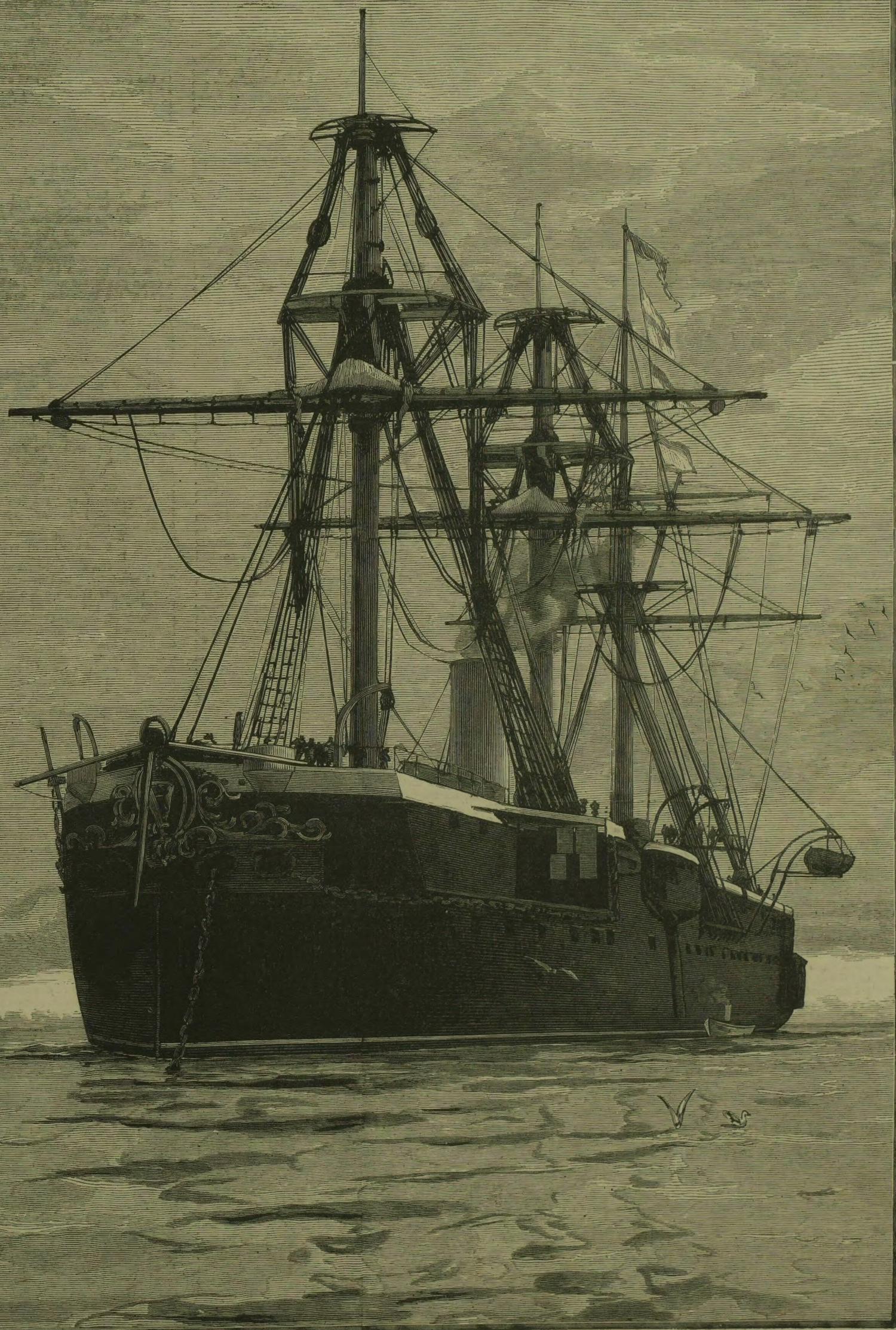
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO WHOLE SHEETS (SIXPENCE.  
AND COLOURED PICTURE) BY POST, 6½D.



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: A MASTED IRONCLAD PREPARED FOR ACTION (H.M.S. SHANNON).

## THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

On Saturday last, the two divisions of Squadron A of the fleet reviewed by the Queen at Spithead, which had been engaged throughout last week, under command respectively of Admiral Fremantle and Admiral Sir W. Hewett, in performing the parts of an attacking and defending force in the Channel, from Falmouth to the Nore, returned and anchored peacefully together at Spithead. The attacking force, as we have already stated, under Admiral Fremantle, contrived on Tuesday week to get into the undefended port of Falmouth, which it was considered to have captured; immediately afterwards it passed up the Channel, and through the Straits of Dover, forced its passage through Captain Long's gun-boat and torpedo-boat flotilla in the Downs, fought a midnight battle with the gun-boats stationed at Dover, and on the Thursday morning anchored at the Nore, commanding the entrance to the Thames and Medway. But in the course of that day (Thursday week) Admiral Sir W. Hewett's defending squadron entered the Thames, and blockaded the attacking squadron, which was compelled to desist from its hostile operations at Sheerness and on the river up towards Gravesend. So the conflict between the two squadrons ended. The ships engaged were, of the attacking force, H.M.S. Agincourt (flag-ship), Impérieuse, Iron Duke, and Black Prince, the Archer torpedo cruiser, and the despatch-boat Curlew; of the defending force, H.M.S. Minotaur (flag-ship), Sultan, Inflexible, Collingwood, Monarch, and Conqueror, with the Mercury despatch-boat, and with the gun-boat and torpedo flotilla. The defending force being greatly superior, it would have been impossible for the Agincourt and her consorts to escape when blockaded at the Nore. They lay some hours off Thames Haven, as seen in our Illustration.

The manoeuvres in St. George's Channel, between the squadrons of Commodore Fitzroy and Admiral Baird, of the B Squadron of the fleet, were not less interesting. The attacking squadron, under Commodore Fitzroy, consisted of H.M.S. Edinburgh (flag-ship), Neptune, Devastation, Rupert, and Shannon, ironclads, with the Amphion cruiser. The defending squadron, under Admiral Baird, was composed of H.M.S. Hercules (flag-ship), Ajax, Invincible, Hotspur, and Belleisle, ironclads, with the cruisers Mersey and Fearless, and several torpedo-boats. The attacking squadron, passing up St. George's Channel and the Irish Sea, was to endeavour, at any time during last week, to attack some town either on the English or the Irish coast, and to lie off the town during ten hours of daylight, in which case, as at Falmouth, the capture would be deemed complete. Commodore Fitzroy steamed up the Channel on Tuesday week, but had not got farther north than the Tuscar lighthouse before he was discovered by the cruisers of the other squadron, which, under Admiral Baird, was lying off Waterford, and gave hot chase. The fast cruisers, Mersey and Fearless, of the defending squadron, easily kept the attack in sight, but otherwise for many hours it appeared to be an equal race between the ironclad fleets. Hoping to get out of sight during the night, Commodore Fitzroy, at six in the evening, detached the Amphion, with orders to engage and destroy the Mersey. Accordingly, a very pretty little action took place between those corvettes; but before long the Mersey got support, at a very long range of about three miles and a half, from the ironclads of her squadron, and accordingly the Amphion had to withdraw, and was ruled out of action. The Mersey, however, decided that she was in no way injured, and continued to hang on the rear of the Commodore's squadron, with the Fearless close astern of her. Accordingly, at eight in the evening, another vigorous effort was made to get rid of the Mersey and Fearless; and the Devastation, one of the most powerful ironclads in the British Navy, was detached "to harass the enemy's fleet and to sink the Mersey and Fearless on the way." But again, although the Devastation expended a number of rounds from her turret-guns on those cruisers at a moderate range, they refused to go out of action; once more the ironclad fleet were able, at long range, to assist their invincible scouts, and the Devastation had to rejoin her squadron. All night both fleets steamed as hard as they could, and daylight found them abreast of the Isle of Man. But Admiral Baird, by allowing the Hotspur, his slowest ship, to drop to the rear, and not waiting for her, had very much decreased the distance between the fleets. He kept on gaining till, at half-past nine in the morning, the distance had so much diminished that the two squadrons were within range of one another. Then a hot action began, with Admiral Baird's three fast ironclads, the Hercules, Ajax, and Invincible, and the unsinkable cruisers Mersey and Fearless, on the one side; and with Commodore Fitzroy's five ironclads on the other. Of these, the Hotspur was much too far astern ever to get a shot in, and the Belleisle was also too slow ever to get within range during the running fight. Undoubtedly, had the conflict been one of real warfare, the victory should have rested with Commodore Fitzroy, as his five powerful ironclads were far more than a match for the only three ironclads that Admiral Baird could bring up; and if the Mersey and Fearless had been ordinary ships which can be sunk, they would hardly have dared to have engaged an ironclad squadron. The fight continued three hours, always at long range; at the end of that time, by the rules made for the occasion, both squadrons were accounted *hors de combat*, and hostilities ceased. From a picturesque point of view, no scene could have been prettier than this game at war on a lovely morning, with the smooth water of the inland sea in which it took place. The manoeuvres were interesting and instructive; but they must not yet be criticised, as the umpires have not drawn up their conclusions. The Volage, of the C Squadron, detached as a cruiser of the enemy, and disguised as another ship, approached the mouth of the Mersey on the Thursday afternoon, and "captured" a large number of merchant vessels. On Saturday, Kingstown, in Dublin Bay, was visited by the enemy, and some vessels, including the steamboat from Holyhead, were "captured" in that port.

The Fishmongers' Company have made a grant of 50 guineas to the Homes for Working Boys in London.

The Long Vacation begins to-day (Saturday) and continues to Monday, Oct. 24, when the Law Courts re-open for the Michaelmas sittings.

Judgment was given by the Wreck Commissioner on Monday at the inquiry into the circumstances attending the loss of the Tasmania, off the coast of Corsica, in May last. The second officer was held chiefly to blame for the casualty, and his certificate was suspended for two years, but a mate's certificate was granted for that period.

One of the most remarkable archery contests on record marked the termination of the Cheltenham National Meeting yesterday week. Miss Legh for the third time secured the position of championess, being best on a majority of points with the highest score (773) with which the distinction has been won. Major Fisher, for the first time since 1874, resumed the championship for gentlemen; but the scoring for first place between himself and Mr. Nesham was only secured by eight, whilst in hits both competitors were equal. The contest was most exciting.

## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

## BOLOGNA.—RAVENNA.

In the city famous for mortadella, I lodged in an inn which was formerly a palace—a vast and magnificent house, built around a courtyard surrounded by arcades, and enlivened with the luxuriant verdure of immense oleander-trees in pots. I have a charming souvenir of this Hôtel Brun, where, with the thermometer at 93 deg., I was able to sit in the shade under the arcades, and sip exquisite savoury coffee, and contemplate a patch of lapis-lazuli blue sky framed in arches and architectural lines, which reminded me of the sumptuous and luminous backgrounds of the pictures of Paul Veronese. In the late afternoon, when the thermometer at last sank to 90 deg., I ventured to inspect the town. All the streets in Bologna are bordered by arcades, convenient enough as shelter against sun and rain, but monotonous in the end, because they transform the streets into long cloisters, absorb the light, and give the town a cold and monastic aspect. Unromantic as the remark may seem, I must state that the first thing which struck me in Bologna was the rarity of shops for the sale of mortadella and the multiplicity of barbers' tonsorial saloons, all open to the street, so that the ragged urchins may regale themselves with the sight of soaped chins and bald crowns. Never within such a limited space have I seen so many barbers, and my curiosity was all the more lively because I noticed that the Bolognese are a bearded race. The phenomenon appeared so strange that I determined to try one of these Figaros, and to question him adroitly and so gather knowledge. The explanation he gave me was satisfactory: the Bolognese wear beards because they are shopkeepers and functionaries; but the principal customers of the barbers are the country-people and peasants, who are a shaven race, and who come into the town to sell their produce and to get their chins scraped *secundum artem*. After thanking the barber for his information and for his lightness of hand, I wandered along arcades until I came to a square where two leaning towers have tottered now for many centuries without falling: one is called the Torre degli Asinelli, 300 ft. high and strongly resembling a Manchester chimney; the other is the Torre Garisenda, built in 1110 with an inclination of 9 ft. from the perpendicular. This tower is only 150 ft. high, but it has the honour of having suggested a metaphor to Dante.

Coffee at the café on the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele was the natural conclusion of this first promenade in Bologna; and the view of Jean de Bologne's colossal fountain of Neptune and of the quaint yellow castellated Municipal Palace was a consolatory spectacle, which carried one away back to the thirteenth century, when the building was constructed. The next morning I visited the churches, and found in them nothing very marvellous; and next I visited the picture gallery, where Guido, the three Carracci, Domenichino, and Albano reign supreme, the glory of the Bolognese school. This gallery looks as neglected and uncared-for as most public galleries in Italy, and the conditions of exhibition are as bad as they can be. The Bologna Gallery has, for instance, a beautiful set of engravings by Albert Dürer, signed with his monogram, and yet most of them are ticketed with the word "anonymous." Imagine the state of mind of the curator of a State museum who is unable to recognise the work of Albert Dürer! Amongst the very old pictures I discovered a portrait of the Madonna on a gold ground in the style of the primitives, signed by, I presume, the first lady-artist in Europe, Catterina Vigri, called the Saint of Bologna, "La Santa da Bologna." Catterina was born in 1413, and died in 1463. Afterwards Bologna became quite a place for lady-artists, amongst whom Lavinia di Bologna and Elisabetta Sirani became especially famous. Elisabetta painted quite as good or quite as bad religious pictures as Guido Reni.

The reputed "pearl" of the Bologna Gallery is Raphael's "Saint Cecilia"—by no means a pearl, for it is not remarkable for charm of colour, for harmony of composition, or for clearness of signification. It is a poor Raphael, painted to order for some church or cloister, or for some confraternity whose devotion demanded the anachronistic juxtaposition of St. Paul, St. John, and St. Cecilia in the same picture. The great Italian painters were constantly hampered by similar orders, and the museums of Europe are full of the sad results.

From Bologna to Ravenna is a four-hours' journey by slow trains and branch lines across a flat country not well reputed for healthiness. Formerly a port of the Adriatic and the capital of the Gothic Kings, and subsequently the residence of the Exarch or Lieutenant of the Eastern Emperors, Ravenna is now nearly six miles distant from the sea, and as dead as a country town can be with 12,000 inhabitants and no commerce in particular. Chance having caused me to arrive at Ravenna in the evening, all that could be done was to sup and then seek out the principal café of the town. With the aid of a map and of topographical instinct, I passed through some sombre and mysterious streets, and reached safely the Café Vittorio Emmanuele, situated, of course, on the Place Vittorio Emmanuele. Opposite the café was an old palace converted into barracks; to the left, the townhall, with a vast luminous dial in the clock-tower; to the right, two tall granite columns, erected by the Venetians in 1483, says the guide-book, and now covered with electioneering placards; beyond, a brick portico built on very ancient granite columns, and, under the portico, shops without fronts, yawning caverns flashing out their light into the general obscurity of the square. And in the moonlight this square and its surrounding buildings look like some romantic stage scenery, and one might indulge in all kinds of dreams were one not recalled to reality by the voice of the newsboy crying *Il Secolo*, and by the sound of clinking spoons and cups produced by the Ravennese taking their iced cream or their evening moka. But in spite of the high civilisation of the Café Vittorio Emmanuele, and although the ladies are dressed à la *Parisienne*, Ravenna is essentially a place to dream in, and everything you see carries you back in imagination at least a thousand years. The great monuments of Ravenna date from the fifth to the eighth centuries, and there is no place, not even Rome, where primitive Christian art can be so well studied. The two churches of St. Apollinaris, the church of St. Vitalis, the baptistery and the mausoleum of the Empress Galla Placida, all decorated with mosaics twelve and thirteen hundred years old, are the most wonderfully preserved specimens of ecclesiastical architecture and decoration that can be seen, not excepting even St. Sophia at Constantinople, which served as the model for St. Vitalis. No description, no photograph, no painting can give an adequate idea of the style, colour, and effect of these immense wall-covering mosaic pictures and ornaments, very different from those in St. Mark's at Venice. One must make the journey in order to obtain the impression. Three full days spent in the contemplation of the mosaics, in the study of the architecture, and in the examination in the museum of the most interesting specimens of the artistic productions of the centuries which preceded that of Charlemagne, were not too long even for a lay observer, and I started at last for Florence reluctantly, fearing that I might have missed something which I ought to have seen. But is not the path of the traveller always paved with regrets?

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Cambridge University circles are much agitated by the question of the admission of women to degrees, which is being warmly discussed. The brilliant success of ladies at this year's Cambridge honours examinations is matter of notoriety. Everybody knows how Miss Ramsay was the senior classic, standing in solitary glory in the first class; and how Miss Harvey gained a similarly proud and lonely position in the modern languages Tripos. Perhaps, however, it is not generally known that the University which admits women to these higher honours examinations, and classifies them in competition in those examinations with the men who go up for the same test, still denies to women the right to take the comparatively insignificant degree examinations. The result is that, though ladies may and do carry off the very highest distinctions of learning from the University, they are still denied the titles which indicate scholastic acquirements to the world, and which men of far inferior standing at the examinations obtain the right to employ. The brilliant success of the ladies this year has called renewed attention to this absurd anomaly and injustice, and a numerously-signed memorial has been presented to the Senate, asking that degrees shall be given to women.

It is not a mere question of an ornamental label. A large proportion of the ladies who take a University course are preparing themselves for remunerative work as teachers or otherwise. To these a degree—the right to put letters indicating certain scholastic attainments after their names—has an actual market value. So much is this the case that several ladies, after taking honours at Cambridge, have put themselves to the further trouble and expense of sitting for the degrees of London University, in order to gain the "B.A." title; the shabby policy which obtains at Cambridge of granting the test and refusing the reward not being in force at the University of London.

This week, a document has been circulated for signature amongst resident members of the Cambridge Senate, declaring it not to be desirable at present to raise the question of admitting women to degrees. Sad to relate, the moving spirit in this obstruction is none other than Professor Sidgwick, to whom women were greatly indebted years ago for aid in the establishment of Girton, and for the admission of its students to the Tripos examinations. Of course, Dr. Sidgwick's past work entitles him to be heard with respect; but he gives his reasons for his present action, and not one of them can be felt to have any real weight. They are that women graduates would next demand a share in the government of the University; and that Cambridge would become a mixed University; and that girls' schools, with preparation for the degree examinations before them, would be induced to give as much attention to Greek as boys' schools do now. Surely these are all mere "old bogey" objections, which vanish if they are boldly approached. They would have had more force if advanced as against the original admission of women to any University privileges than they have as against allowing women to wear the honours which they are permitted to earn. But the pity of it is that many of those who are now opposing this simple, this comparatively trifling, innovation were amongst the original advocates of the far greater one of admitting women to the Tripos examinations.

It is not, however, alas! a new discovery made specially in connection with this matter that it is impossible to rely, as years roll on, upon the continued ardour of any given persons for progress in any particular direction. Browning's dirge for "The Lost Leader" speaks of only too common an occurrence:

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;  
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;  
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,  
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.

So it must be. But events are stronger than individuals. The changes that we see going on around us in the education and position of women are the result of causes and not of caprices. The root of them is found in the inventions and discoveries which during the present century have revolutionised civilisation. Locomotive steam-engines to carry merchandise from place to place; machinery, often worked by steam, to manufacture more rapidly and cheaply in bulk than our forefathers, seeing the domestic manufacture of the same articles in small quantities, would have believed possible,—these things have changed old conditions completely. The work—spinning, weaving, food manufacture, &c.—which women used to do in the privacy of home, has been largely taken out of their hands; and they are consequently compelled to go forth into the world to search for their duties and to provide for their own livelihood. This obligation is accentuated by the numerical surplus of women; nearly a million more females than males being in the United Kingdom at the time when the last census was taken. Hence, women must be educated for the struggles of the world; and University degrees, for those who select a line of effort in which these are needed, must be granted to women as to men, as part of the essential preparation for the competition of modern life.

Gentlemen exercise their minds a good deal on the subject of female costume. Their own might well engage a little of their attention. The trifling character of the difference which there will be between the attire of a man in the City of London on that awful afternoon of last week when the thermometer stood at 149 degrees in the sun at Greenwich, and the dress which the same man will be wearing next January when the ground is hard with frost, is in no way reasonable. Poor slaves of fashion! There they swelter in buttoned-up cloth frock coats and high hats, and stiffened shirt fronts and tall collars. How unreasonable! But, for all that, Dr. Charles M. Jessop, at the Medical Congress, read a paper—not on the blunders and unhealthiness of the costume of his own sex, but on those of our attire. Stays were the special object of his criticism. It appears, from Dr. Jessop's learned paper, that the Normans first introduced something like stays amongst us. It was a broad breast-band, called by the Roman ladies who originally used it "strophia." Writers in the Middle Ages denounced the wearing of that belt as "a custom fertile in disease and death"; from which we may gather that the tendency to carp at the costume of women is hereditary with men. I do not defend the present style of dress for women: petticoats are inconvenient and, in a measure, unhealthy; stays, harmless in themselves, present a constant temptation—to which thousands of foolish women succumb—to squeezing the waist to an unnatural size; and a weight is thrown on the hips that should be on the shoulders. All the same, I would a good deal rather be wearing a cambric gown, and spun silk stockings, and open-woven stays, and a straw hat or a tulie bonnet, than I would the costume in which Dr. Jessop will think it incumbent on him to be going about through the tropical heat of this week to see his patients.

F. F.-M.

Mr. Edwin Richardson, the Mayor of Sunderland, has presented to the Art Gallery of that town Mr. C. Pettafor's picture, "Fishing-boats leaving Harbour, Polperro, Cornwall," which was exhibited at the Royal Academy.



MAPLEDURHAM.

## THE COURT.

Saturday last being the birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Edinburgh arrived to breakfast with her Majesty. A Royal salute was fired from H.M.S. *Valorous* (guard-ship at Cowes), Captain J. H. Bainbridge. The Queen, accompanied by Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, drove down to Kent House to congratulate the Marquis of Lorne, whose birthday it was also. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Queen's dinner-party included the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, Princesses Louise and Victoria of Wales, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Irene of Hesse, and the Maharajah of Kuch Behar. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the Queen on Monday, and remained to luncheon. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, embarked on board her Majesty's yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton, A.D.C., at Trinity Pier in the afternoon, and steamed through the Evolutionary Squadron anchored at Spithead, and returned to Osborne at eight o'clock.—The Queen has conferred the honour of knighthood upon the following gentlemen:—Mr. Joseph Terry, Lord Mayor of York; Mr. James King, Lord Provost of Glasgow; Mr. Benjamin Chapman Browne, Mayor of Newcastle; Mr. William D. King, Mayor of Portsmouth; Mr. Henry Stephenson, Mayor of Sheffield; Mr. George William Edwards, Mayor of Bristol; Mr. Harry Bullard, Mayor of Norwich; Mr. Edward Gaunt, Mayor of Leeds; Mr. James Poole, Mayor of Liverpool; Mr. James Farmer, Mayor of Salford; Mr. Henry Bristow, Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster; Mr. Henry Aaron Isaacs and Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Kirby, Sheriffs of London; Mr. William James Farrer, High Bailiff of Westminster; and Mr. Arnold William White, the Queen's solicitor. The Queen has also conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Francis Pitts, Mayor of Newport, Isle of Wight; and upon Mr. Morgan Morgan, Mayor of Cardiff. Her Majesty has also knighted Alfred Baring Garrod, of Harley-street, Doctor of Medicine, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

The Prince of Wales will be the guest, during the Doncaster race week, of Mr. C. Sykes, M.P., at Brantinghamthorpe. Queen Christina of Spain has sent the Prince a present of a magnificent silver helmet, with gold ornaments. The helmet is similar in shape to those worn by the Spanish Royal Guards.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales arrived at Ballater by special train on Tuesday afternoon. His Royal Highness will be the guest of Mr. J. T. Mackenzie, of Kintail, at Glenmuick House, during the opening weeks of the shooting season.

The Crown Prince of Germany arrived at Victoria Station from Portsmouth at five o'clock on Monday evening attended by several younger members of the Royal household, paid a visit to Shanklin. The Crown Princess, accompanied by her daughters, visited Portsmouth on Tuesday to lay the memorial-stone of the new parish church of Portsea. Her Imperial Highness crossed from Osborne in one of the Royal yachts. The fine fleet at Spithead was dressed, yards were manned, and a Royal salute was fired. The new church, for which an anonymous donor has given £15,000, is on the site of the old edifice, in which Charles Dickens was christened. The Crown Prince of Germany left King's-cross on Tuesday evening for Scotland.

The Duke of Connaught, accompanied by Major Elphinstone, arrived at Charing-cross by the Continental mail-train last Sunday evening from Aix-les-Bains.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, attended by Major Winsloe, left their residence in St. James's Palace last Saturday for Dover, on their return to Germany.

The Queen has approved Sir James Colquhoun of Luss being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Dumbartonshire, in the place of the late Mr. H. Crum-Ewing.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Charles Elliot, K.C.S.I., as Member of Council of the Viceroy of India, on the expiration of the term of office of Sir Theodore Hope, K.C.S.I.

The Queen has directed letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for appointing the Earl of Carnarvon to be Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Southampton, in the room of the Marquis of Winchester, deceased.

Fêtes to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee have not ceased. The city of Worcester was the scene of great festivity on the 4th inst., the occasion being the official county celebration of the Jubilee. The celebrations consisted in laying the foundation-stone of a statue of the Queen in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge, a review of the territorial forces of the county, a thanksgiving service at the cathedral, and an illuminated procession of boats on the Severn. Special trains from all parts of the country brought thousands of visitors, and the population of Worcester (about 40,000) must have been doubled for the day. The military and volunteers had been in camp at different points in the county for the previous week, and on this occasion were concentrated in Worcester itself. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated.—Mr. Herbert Gardner, M.P., gave a rural fête in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee at Debden Hall, Essex, on the 3rd inst. Over 3000 of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages were entertained in the park, and about 700 at the hall. Varied amusements were provided in the park for young and old, and a display of fireworks concluded the entertainment.—A rich rose window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been presented to Christ Church, Bexley-heath, by the schoolteachers as a Jubilee offering, on the occasion of their school festival, on Wednesday last.—The Highland Society of London has, in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee, voted 100 guineas (in addition to the usual annual amount) to the Bursary Fund, to be awarded amongst a selection of students from the Highlands to defray their educational and class fees whilst pursuing their studies next session at any of the Scottish Universities.

Monmouth celebrated with great festivity on Tuesday the 500th birthday of King Henry V., who was born in that town. The Queen sent a message to the Mayor expressing the deep interest she took in the event.

The camp of the National Artillery Association was opened at Shoeburyness last Saturday, and this week there have been about 700 officers and men under canvas. On Sunday, the men attended service, and were afterwards inspected in their own lines by Colonel Nicholson, Commandant of the School of Gunnery, who expressed his great satisfaction with the appearance and the orderly conduct of the men.

## THE LATE M. KATKOFF.

The editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, Michael Katkoff, who died a fortnight ago, was a Russian politician of great influence, and had the most intense persuasion of the national destinies of Russia, under the rule of the Czar, to domination in Eastern Europe and in Asia. He was born in 1820, of a noble family, studied at Moscow, Königsberg, and Berlin, and became Professor of Philosophy at Moscow, adhering to the doctrine of Schelling; but, in 1849, retired from academical teaching, and some years afterwards became a political journalist. He was then a Liberal; but after the Polish insurrection of 1863 changed his views, and adopted those of the Imperial autocracy, while he set himself to oppose German influence in the Russian Government, and to advocate the complete absorption of the Polish nationality. In conjunction with Leontieff, he contended for an entire change of system in the Russian schools and colleges, which was, after much controversy, put into execution, and Katkoff was then offered the post of Minister of Instruction by the Emperor Alexander III. This he declined, but was nominated a Privy Councillor, and he continued to serve the reactionary party, and to use his journal for the propagation of ideas of national aggrandisement, and of an exclusive policy on behalf of Russia. The Emperor has sent a message of condolence to the widow of M. Katkoff, deplored the loss of one whose "powerful voice, inspired by a fervid love of his country, was able to sustain the national sentiment of Russia in times of gloom."

## THE LATE CAPTAIN RENDLE.

Captain Ashton William Rendle, of the 10th Madras Light Infantry, was killed on April 30, at Sidotia, Upper Burmah. He was born in 1854, was educated at Eton and at Jesus College, Cambridge, served in the 1st Surrey and the Tower Hamlets Militia, obtained his commission in the 65th Regiment in December, 1874, embarked forthwith for India, and two years afterwards joined the Madras Staff Corps. He took part in the Soudan Expedition towards the conclusion of the campaign, returning to India in May of last year. He again proceeded on active service, five months ago, this time to Upper Burmah, and was appointed to the command at Sidotia. On April 30 the post was attacked by a large body of dacoits; the garrison made a sortie, and Captain Rendle, whilst gallantly leading the charge against the enemy, fell mortally wounded. He was a man of bright promise, full of energy, ardently devoted to his military duties, and very popular among his brother officers. He leaves a bereaved mother, and a wife and three children, to mourn their loss.

## GREAT FIRE AT WHITELEY'S, BAYSWATER.

A fire which destroyed a vast amount of property, and which caused the loss of several lives, took place on Saturday evening in the extensive buildings of Mr. William Whiteley, the well-known dealer in many kinds of retail trade, furniture, drapery, haberdashery, confectionery, stationery, grocery, and provisions of all sorts, occupying many houses and shops in Westbourne-grove, and large warehouses, storehouses, and workshops in Queen's-road, Bayswater, and in Douglas-place, behind Kensington Gardens-square. The buildings destroyed by this fire were those to the east, in Queen's-road, Bayswater, separated by Douglas-place—a narrow passage—from the front shops in Westbourne-grove. They comprised seven numbered houses in Queen's-road, forming a block, which rose, for the most part, six storeys high, five floors in two of the houses, all built handsomely of York stone and brick, with iron girders, and with iron doors between the houses, which had a frontage of 300 ft., and extended 180 ft. back. The fire broke out at seven o'clock in the back part of the buildings in Douglas-place, on the second floor, where a sort of factory was established, and where, it is said, quantities of oils and other inflammable stores were kept in the basement. It is said, indeed, that the fire began on three floors simultaneously. It was first seen from the back windows of houses on the east side of Kensington Gardens-square. Being Saturday evening, all hands were supposed to have left the premises, except Mr. Whiteley's private firemen, who instantly turned on the hydrants, flooding the floors with water, and gave the alarm to the Fire Brigade. The manual engine from the Hermitage-street station, Paddington-green, arrived in a few minutes, and the firemen bravely attempted to enter by the main staircase from Douglas-place; but found the whole interior at that end full of raging flames, and the iron doors red hot, so that it was impossible to get in. Many other engines, from every part of London, arrived with great dispatch; but in a very short time the walls in Douglas-place suddenly fell, burying the foremost engine in the ruins; and several men—three of whose bodies were afterwards found—were crushed by the falling building. Others were rescued and dragged out of the way of danger more or less injured. The fire now spread round to the front of the premises in Queen's-road, presenting a grand but terrible spectacle to many thousands of people assembled there. Twenty-two steam fire-engines were already at work along the face of the buildings, but the conflagration could not be stopped; it ran from end to end, and rose from floor to floor, till at half-past eight it burst up through the roof, and the flames ascended high, visible for miles around the northern and western suburbs of London. The view from West-end-lane, Hampstead, which is shown in our Sketch, and that from Parliament-hill, Hampstead, were especially striking. The fire was subdued at eleven o'clock, but continued burning till Sunday night. All that could be effected in saving the property was done by men going up ladders and entering windows, fighting the fire as long as they could with streams from the hose, while they removed whatever furniture and stock they were able to reach. Two houses, of five floors, at the end of the block escaped destruction, with the neighbouring premises occupied by different persons, but their contents were greatly damaged by fire, heat, smoke, and water; and some damage was also done, by scorching, to the backs of houses in Westbourne-grove. The number of fire-engines, and amount of force of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, collected on this occasion, exceeded any instance on record; there were thirty-four steam fire-engines, from nearly as many different stations, not only of West London, but from Southwark, Brixton, Camberwell, Deptford, Greenwich, Shadwell, Mile-end, Hackney, and Islington, besides manual engines, ladders, and fire-escapes, with a great number of men and horses. It is fortunate, indeed, that no other great fire broke out at the East-End, or in some other distant quarter, at the time when most of the protective force was engaged at Bayswater. Mr. Whiteley had left London on Saturday morning for Ostend, and came back without delay. He estimates the amount of property destroyed, buildings, fixtures, and stock, at £525,000, of which but a small part is stated to be insured. The offices in London had declined to insure Mr. Whiteley, because four fires had taken place on his premises since 1882, and the fire in June, 1885, when four of his shops were burnt out, destroyed property to the value of £350,000. It is believed, he says, that the risk in his case is rendered extraordinary by some bitter enemies of his resorting to incendiaryism.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The wonder is that anyone who has experienced the unqualified pleasure of attending a Pastoral Play in the open air—such as Lady Archibald Campbell brought into vogue a few summers ago—can have the patience and endurance to sit for hours in a closed theatre during this tropical weather. Quite delightful on the sultry evening of Saturday last was the second performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the well-wooded garden of Pope's Villa, Twickenham, under the capable direction of Mrs. Henry Labouchere, who gave the proceeds of the charming entertainment to the Charing Cross Hospital. On this occasion, the part of the Fairy King Oberon, who sets the two pairs of lovers by the ears in the enchanted wood near Athens, and makes Titania fall in love with Bottom, the weaver, was sustained with characteristic earnestness and grace by Lady Archibald Campbell. The coming and going of Hermia and Helena (Miss Fortescue and Miss Dorothy Dene) beneath the greenwood tree; the sprightliness of Miss Norreys in performing Puck's elfish tricks with good-humoured glee; the fascinations of witching Miss Kate Vaughan as Titania; and Mr. Sala's gravely-humorous prosing and dozing as Bottom—all told the more by reason of the comedy being so naturally acted under real branches in the fresh air that it seemed like real life rather than a play. The beauties of Mendelssohn's illustrative music were brought out well by Mr. Auguste Van Biene's orchestra. Poll the audience who, comfortably seated under an open marquee, enjoyed this captivating garden rendering of Shakespeare's fairy comedy, and general support would be accorded to the enlightened manager who should favour London with a regular summer season of plays in the open air.

London is so partial to playgoing, however, that it will undergo much discomfort to be amused by a good play. Hence, middle of August though it be, the Gaiety is to be reopened to-night with the new romantic drama of "Loyal Love," by "Ross Niel," the leading characters being sustained by Mrs. James Brown-Potter, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, and Mr. E. S. Willard. That inexhaustible comedy of the late Mr. H. J. Byron, "Our Boys," is also to be revived this evening at the Criterion, Mr. David James reappearing in the part he created, Perkin Middlewick.

The Strand Theatre has forsaken Old English comedy for drama. Mr. Rider Haggard's novel of "Dawn" has been dashed up in a dramatic form by Messrs. Haddon Chambers and Stanley Little, and presented under the title of "Devil Caresfoot." It is a repellent piece. The story, in brief, is that of a misanthrope, Philip Caresfoot, who, to obtain his family estates, persuades his daughter to give up the man she is engaged to and whom she loves, in order to marry her rake of a cousin, Devil Caresfoot. This dissipated wooer counterfeits illness, and limps about as though he had one foot in the grave, his design being to secure the girl as his wife by an avowedly formal marriage on the plea that he cannot live many days, whereas he believes he is sound enough. The repulsive marriage takes place; the lover returns to upbraid his faithless betrothed; and the crafty husband of a day expiring conveniently before the curtain falls, to enable George Caresfoot to grasp his lands, and the disappointed lover to wed his widow. It is true, this grim and disagreeable story is relieved by the flirtations of Mrs. Carr, a lively widow, with Lord Minster and a Curate, who "holds the field." "Devil Caresfoot" is also pretty well acted by Mr. C. Charrington as the repulsive hero; by Miss Janet Achurch as the fair and much-tried daughter of George Caresfoot (Mr. Royce Carleton); by Miss Carlotta Addison as Lady Bellamy, and Miss Lottie Venn as Mrs. Carr; by Mrs. John Carter as an old Irish nurse; and particularly well does Mr. Eric Lewis acquit himself as Lord Minster; whilst Mr. Fuller Mellish is that desideratum for the stage, an unattractive play.

## THE MAPPIN ART GALLERY, SHEFFIELD.

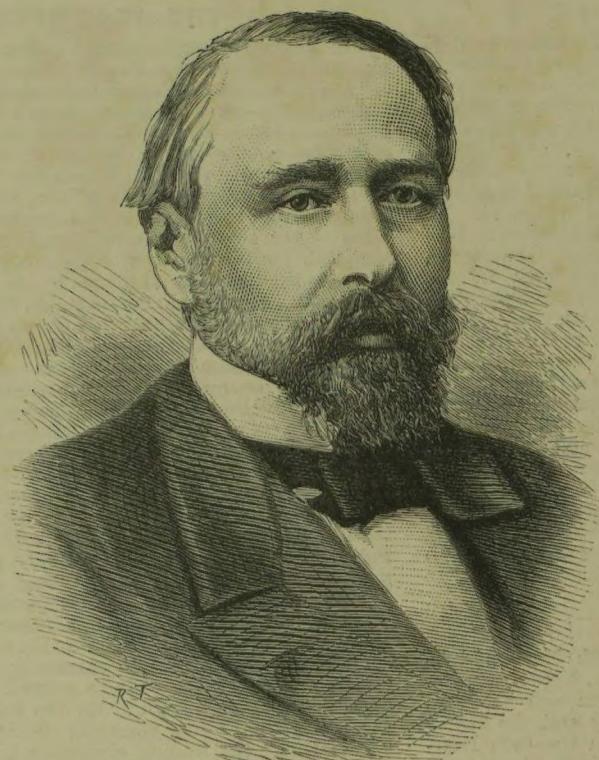
The Mapin Art Gallery, at Sheffield, was recently opened. The late Mr. John Newton Mapin, brewer, bequeathed his paintings, valued at over £60,000, to the people of Sheffield, and left £15,000 with which to provide a gallery for their reception. The building has been erected in the Weston Park. Sir Frederick Mapin, nephew of the deceased, presented the title-deeds to the Mayor, Sir Henry Stephenson, who acknowledged the gift on behalf of the town. Subsequently Mr. Mundella presented, on behalf of Sir Frederick Mapin, a collection of paintings which fills an adjoining gallery. The Mayor also acknowledged this gift. Sir Frederick Mapin, then, with a silver key, opened the main door of the building, and declared the gallery open. We give an illustration of this handsome building, the architects of which are Messrs. Flockton and Gibbs, of Sheffield.

## YACHTING.

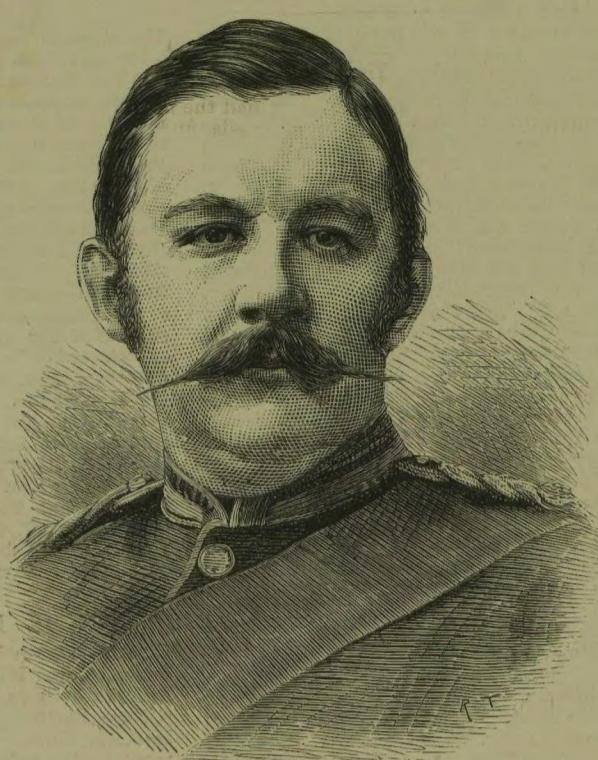
The Cowes Town Cup was the prize sailed for on the 4th inst., the third day of the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Thirteen yachts had entered. A course was selected so that the contending craft might not be out of sight for any long period during the race. It was from the Castle to the Warner in the eastward, back to the southwards of the Brambles, through-to and round a flag-boat moored off Lepe buoy, a few miles westward of the town. The Rex showed the way round the course the second time, but she was closely followed by the Genesta and Lorna. The Rex arrived home early enough to save her time and secure the town cup. In the evening there was the usual pyrotechnic display, which was witnessed by thousands of spectators.—The sailing on the 5th inst. was for three prizes given by the squadron, £70, £50, and £30, open to all yachts of not less than thirty tons belonging to any recognised yacht club. The Rex, being first of any class, and saving her time, took the first prize, and the Wendur, first of the yawls, came in for the second. There being only two classes, the third prize was not awarded. An interesting Channel race was begun on Monday in celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee, three prizes, amounting in the aggregate to £800, being contended for by some twenty yachts, which started at noon from Cowes round the Nab, taking their course thence straight to Cherbourg, where they rounded the breakwater, and made for Eddystone, returning up Channel, and finishing off Cowes. The result was not known at the time our early edition was put to press.

The regatta week of the Royal Victoria Club began on Monday afternoon with the annual meeting. The Marquis of Exeter, Commodore, presided. The annual report stated that the condition of the club was most satisfactory. The regatta commenced on Tuesday with the race for yachts of the B and C classes. The Neptune won the first prize with 48 sec. to the good, the Sybil taking the second prize. Another race, for smaller craft, was closely sailed, Little Nell winning by only one second, and Raven taking the second prize.

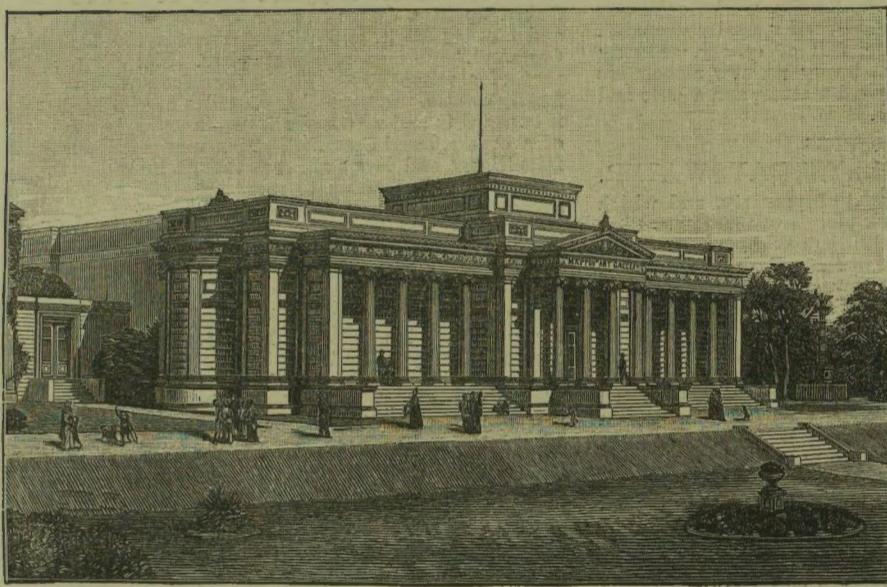
A marriage has been arranged between Mr. G. W. Balfour, M.P. for Central Leeds, nephew of the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lady Betty Lytton, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lytton.



THE LATE MICHAEL KATKOFF,  
EDITOR OF THE "MOSCOW GAZETTE."



CAPT. A. W. RENDLE, 10TH MADRAS LIGHT INFANTRY.  
KILLED IN BURMAH.



THE MAPPIN ART GALLERY, SHEFFIELD.



THE FIRE AT WHITELEY'S, SEEN FROM WEST HAMPSTEAD.



THE FIRE AT WHITELEY'S, QUEEN'S-ROAD, BAYSWATER.



AT A FLOWER SERMON.  
DRAWN BY MARCELLA WALKER.

## MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

SECOND NOTICE.

*Temple Bar.*—Further chapters of "Out of the Fog" bring Clara Calthorpe, the unworthy and worse than silly young wife of manly and loving Jack, into perilous confidences with her good husband's pupil. We find it a disagreeable story. "French Society Ninety Years Ago" is a frightful picture of the insane excesses of the Revolution. A description of the quaint old Massachusetts town of Salem will please those who have read Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." "Edged Tools," begun this month, is a characteristic woman's story. "Loyalty George" is the name of a girl, living with sailor folk near Plymouth, whose love affairs, told by Miss Louisa Parr, seem likely to be interesting. "Red Spider" comes to an end. The writers on Ireland and on the Jubilee "do not well" to be so angry and scornful.

*Cornhill.*—In "The Gaverocks," before noticed, Miss Lovelady Penhalligan, whom the reader has understood, as she believed herself, to be a widow from a secret marriage, is astounded by meeting her husband still alive, and married to another woman, the sister of her new friend, Paul Featherstone. It is a terrible situation, and the author of "John Herring" and "Mehalah" describes her conflict of emotions with much power. The German story, "A False Step," of which we have the first part, has its scenes laid in Bavaria, with a Prince who rambles incognito about the romantic Berchtesgaden, ready to be the dupe of a sham-sentimental strange young lady. "Olive's Lover" is the tale of a very singular hallucination, affecting the mind of a young woman long brooding in anxiety over the possible fate of one beloved in his absence; we could believe in such a case. "The Isle of Terror" is Ouessant, or Ushant, on the stormy coast of Brittany; the description of this, also that of Vermland, an attractive district of Sweden, and that of the upper valley of the Pegnitz, in the Bavarian highlands, are worth reading.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*—A sketch of colonial life, by Mr. E. Harrison Clubbe, being the portrait of a brave medical man, who acts sometimes in the capacity of pilot and lighthouse keeper, on the coast of West Australia, will do good to the heart of its reader. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald furnishes notable particulars of the lives and works of the Brothers Adam, the architects of the Adelphi. The aquatic theatrical *mise en scène* at Sadler's Wells, some eighty years ago, with the preceding and the subsequent history of that theatre, is the subject of an article. "Lucifers and the Poets" is the title of one of Mr. Phil Robinson's agreeable collections of natural history anecdotes combined with literary citations; the "lucifers" being such luminous animals as glow-worms, fire-flies, and the phosphorescent living creatures in the sea. "Night-prowlers" is an essay on nocturnal habits of birds. "The Cain Patraic" is an exposition of some points in the ancient law of Celtic Ireland.

*Time.*—"Confessions of a Young Man," by Mr. George Moore, still loiter in the Bohemia of Parisian art-students, whose ways are far from edifying; but much space is devoted to a rhapsodical review of that luscious and vicious modern French poetry which resembles a plateful of rotten peaches. A literary criticism of Mr. Walter Pater's style, showing the artistic finish of his "Studies of the Renaissance" and "Imaginary Portraits," does justice to that accomplished writer. The little story of the petty municipal and Parliamentary manoeuvres attending the "Chippy Norton (Corporation) Town Pump Bill" is a humorous piece of satire. Mrs. Pender Cudlip's novel, "Love's a Tyrant," seems drawing to a conclusion; and a tale of the Irish agrarian disputes, "The O'Donol Rent," is commenced this month.

*Belgravia.*—The *facile princeps* of marine romance-writers, Mr. W. Clark Russell, gets on vigorously with his tale of Arctic adventures, "The Frozen Pirate." The short stories of this magazine are "Mr. Dangle's Dilemma," "He and She," "The Equilibrist," "Diana," "Below the Weir," "Tis Better to have Loved and Lost," and "In Self-defence;" each good for about twenty minutes.

*The Argosy.*—The late Mrs. Henry Wood's last story, "Lady Grace," is continued; while her son, the editor, Mr. C. W. Wood, adds to his sketches of Majorca. Miss Sara Doudney provides a further instalment of "The Missing Rubies." "Gwen," "Playing with Fire," and "Peril on the Sea," are the lesser pieces of fiction.

*London Society.*—"A Life Interest," by Mrs. Alexander, continues to be the chief serial work of entertainment in the way of a story of domestic sentiments and fortunes. Mrs. Lovett Cameron is less effective in such moral portraits of character as "The Beauty Man" and "The Male Flirt" than in some of her novels. "The Duke of Melton," which we cannot reckon a first-rate work of its class, is finished by Lady Virginia Sandars.

*The Magazine of Art* commences with a description of No. 46, Mecklenburgh-square, the residence of Mr. G. A. Sala, the well-known author, with an interesting account of the many curious and beautiful treasures it contains; relics from the many lands their owner has visited, and mementoes of the many friends he has made. As the minds of most people are turning at this season towards green fields and country air, an article on that picturesque old Gloucestershire town, Tewkesbury, will give especial pleasure. There are also profusely illustrated articles on current art in England at the Paris Salon.

*The Art Journal* opens with a paper on that lovely old German University city, Heidelberg, the illustrations to which are particularly worthy of notice. An article on "Old Cromer" carries us away from this hot, dusty town to that charming Norfolk watering-place, but is chiefly concerned with the numerous beautiful seats near it—Cromer, Felbrigge, and Blickling Halls. "A Foreign Artist and Author in England" continue their tour through Wales, their account of Bettws-y-coed and Llandudno being particularly amusing.

*English Illustrated Magazine.*—Modern Italian life, in which Mr. F. Marion Crawford now seeks materials for his strongly-marked delineations of human character, is illustrated by his story of a Roman sculptor, a type of the earnest popular politician, in "Marzio's Crucifix." It is likely to prove a good complement to that of "Saracinesca," and it will certainly not be a weak performance. Nor is dramatic force wanting in Mr. Farjeon's "Secret Inheritance," though gloomy with the shadow of a murder. Pleasant descriptions of a Dutch country-house, and of Zaandvort and the neighbourhood of Haarlem, illustrated by a Dutch artist; more "Walks in the Wheat-fields," with instructive discourse by Mr. R. Jefferies, and with drawings by Mr. Dewey Bates; and the reproduction of an old comic ballad, "Sir Dilberry Diddle," making fun of the militia officers in 1766, with droll designs by Mr. Hugh Thomson, are the best lighter articles.

*Harper's Monthly.*—Both hemispheres of the globe—Asia and America—afford subjects for descriptive comment in this New York illustrated magazine. The Rev. Dr. Henry Lansdell treats of the diverse natives of Siberia; while another writer, in India, gives an account of Kishore's large business in printing and publishing Mohammedan literature at Lucknow. As for the Western Continent, we find articles on Mexico; on

the present condition of the Southern States; on the new "International Park" at Niagara, bordering on Canada; on the buccaneers of the Spanish Main, and on hunting in the Rocky Mountains.

*Scribner's Magazine.*—The fifth instalment of the private letters of Thackeray hitherto unpublished is of equal interest with those preceding. It includes his descriptions of a trip to Switzerland with his daughters, and of the Great Exhibition of 1851. An American artist, Mr. G. Hitchcock, examines the peculiar capabilities of Holland for picturesque treatment in painting. Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, contributes a very instructive treatise on atmospheric commotions and the origin of storms.

*Lippincott's.*—The social life of students at Yale, which ranks next to Harvard, we believe, among American Universities, is described by one of themselves in a neat and sprightly essay. Norwegian themes are welcome to many readers in the United States; and Mr. Hjalmar Boyesen's tale, "Life for Life," shifts its scene from Vardoe, on the shore of the Polar Sea, to Broadway, in the city of New York, showing how some Norwegian emigrants feel the change of climate.

*The Forum.*—This also is an American publication; but an eminent British lawyer and political writer, Lord Bramwell, contributes a judicial rejection of the plea of Irish grievances against the United Kingdom; and Mr. W. H. Mallock, the author of "Is Life Worth Living?" confronts the arguments of Mr. Romanes, and contends that only a belief in God can find a common object for human life. Readers in England will therefore not withdraw their attention from the *Forum* as having exclusively a Transatlantic interest.

## AT A FLOWER SERMON.

There is a pretty church-going custom of attending special summer services with bouquets of flowers, harmonising with the floral decorations of the sacred edifice and its furniture, when the clergyman intends, as is surely most fitting, to invoke sentiments of joy and gratitude to the Creator for the gifts of natural beauty adorning earth at this genial season. It has usually met with a willing response from the female members of the congregation. Young ladies, and all the good little girls of the parish, delight to bring these pleasant tokens of a sweet and wholesome feeling, which are culled from the choicest growths of the garden or the conservatory, and from the open fields, the woodlands, the hedgerows, symbolising the united Christian worship of all classes of people. Miss Marcella Walker's drawing is an illustration of the custom which will be acceptable to many fair readers.

## COLOURED PICTURE: MAPLEDURHAM.

The view on the Thames, represented in our colour-printed illustration given as Extra Supplement to this week's publication, is that of Mapledurham, on the Oxfordshire bank of the river, two miles below Pangbourne, and distant from Reading four or five miles, to the north-west of the last-mentioned town. The old Elizabethan mansion, built in the sixteenth century by Sir Michael Blount, and fortified by Sir Charles Blount, a staunch Royalist, during the civil wars of Charles I., is now a peaceful and stately abode of ancestral memories; and its situation, embosomed in trees, with the church behind it containing the tombs and monumental brasses of that family, affords a pleasing example of English rural scenery. This house is also notable for its literary and biographical associations with Alexander Pope, the favourite poet and satirist of fashionable society in the times of Queen Anne and the first two Georges; for here dwelt the amiable sisters, Theresa and Martha Blount, who had, probably, more of his esteem and sincere regard, especially Martha, than any other women among his acquaintance. Pope wrote of Martha, upon her retirement from London life, the couplet of affected condolence—

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashioned balls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.

But he also wrote of this lady what every other lady should remember, in country or in town, that—

Good-humour only teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;  
Love, raised on beauty, will, like that, decay;  
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day,  
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn—  
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;  
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
The willing heart; this only holds it long.

The old and annual custom of the Peers of the House of Lords dining at Greenwich takes place at the Trafalgar to-day.

Lord Derwent, in consideration of the depressed state of agriculture, has remitted 15 per cent of their last half-year's rent to his agricultural tenants.—Mr. Leonard Lyell, M.P., has granted a reduction of 20 per cent on last year's rents of the farms on his Forfarshire estates.

While the Board of Trade returns for July show a decrease in the imports of nearly half a million as compared with the same month last year, the total for the first seven months of the year exhibits an improvement of more than seven millions. In exports there has been an increase of more than £700,000 on the month, and of £1,635,149 on the seven months.

In London, 2317 births and 1759 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 310 below, while the deaths exceeded by 12, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 34 from measles, 25 from scarlet fever, 7 from diphtheria, 81 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 10 from enteric fever, 436 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 9 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had declined in the five preceding weeks from 199 to 160, further fell last week to 158, and were 33 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths; 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 2 from burns and scalds, 15 from drowning, 1 from poison, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered.

## POSTAGE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AUGUST 13, 1887.

## AT HOME.

The postage within the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, is One Halfpenny.

## ABROAD.

To places abroad the postage is Threepence, with the following exceptions:—

To Abyssinia, Aden, Bechuanaland, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Siam, Singapore, the Transvaal, and Zanzibar, Fourpence halfpenny.

To Diego Garcia and Madagascar (except St. Mary and Tamatave), Sixpence.

Copies printed on Thin Paper may be sent to the Colonies and Foreign Countries at two-thirds of the rates stated above; but their use is not recommended, the appearance of the engravings being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1878), with a codicil (dated Nov. 27, 1882), of Mr. Thomas Watson, J.P., M.P. for the Ilkeston Division of Derbyshire, late of Horse Carrs, Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, silk manufacturer, who died on March 7 last, was proved, at the Manchester District Registry, on the 14th ult. by Mrs. Ellen Watson, the widow, and Thomas Watson and Richard Watson, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £182,000. The testator bequeaths his consumable stores and provisions to his wife; the use and occupation of his residence, Horse Carrs, with the offices, green-houses, vineyards, gardens, and grounds, and the furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects to his wife, during life or widowhood, and, on her death or marriage again, to his unmarried daughters, while living and unmarried; £2000 per annum to his wife, for life, reducible, in the event of her marriage again, to £500 per annum; and the residue of his real and personal estate to all his children in equal shares. Horse Carr Mills, with the machinery, plant, stock-in-trade, materials, raw and manufactured, &c., are to be valued, and then to be offered to his sons in succession according to seniority.

The will (dated May 20, 1885) of Mr. William Fanning, late of Bozedon, near Whitchurch, Oxfordshire, who died on June 24 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Major Frederick Fanning, the brother, and Houston Stewart Stewart, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £136,000. The testator gives £2000 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wines, effects, horses, and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Oriana Fanning; his property, Bozedon, to her, for life, or so long as she shall desire; and £100,000, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, then as to £25,000 thereof upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mrs. Alice Crowder; £25,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Oriana Cecilia Stewart; and £20,000, upon trust, for the wife and children of his son William Almar, if he predeceases him. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, William Almar, Edward, and Frederick Charles, if alive at the time of his death.

The will (dated July 20, 1865) of Mr. Richard Ellerton, formerly of Plas-yn-Vivod, Llangollen, Denbighshire; but late of No. 55, Longridge-road, South Kensington, who died on June 21 last, at Liss, in the county of Southampton, was proved on the 28th ult. by Mrs. Janet Walker Ellerton, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeathes the whole of his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 26, 1881), with a codicil (dated Feb. 13, 1886), of Wilson Fox, M.D., F.R.C.P. London, formerly of No. 67, Grosvenor-street, but late of No. 26, Upper Brook-street, who died on May 3 last, at Preston, Lancashire, was proved on the 2nd inst. by William Francis Fox, the brother, and Frederic George Arthur Walker, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator gives his small estate, "Fieldfoot," Loughrigg, Grasmere, Westmorland, £3000, and all his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, books, musical instruments, wines, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Evelyn Laura Fox. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the whole income to his wife, for life, and then for his children or more remote issue as she shall appoint.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Baron Lucien De Hirsch De Gereuth, late of No. 12, Berkeley-square, who died at Paris, on April 6 last, intestate, have just been granted to Baron Maurice De Hirsch De Gereuth, the father, the value of the personal estate in this country amounting to over £32,000.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1881), with nine codicils, of Mr. Charles Bowmar, late of Louth, Lincolnshire, who died on Feb. 10 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Thomas Eve and James Eve, the nephews, and William Allison, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. There are numerous and considerable legacies to or upon trust for nephews, nieces, and others; and the residue of his property, if any, the testator gives to his nephews, John Bowmar Eve, Thomas Eve, and James Eve.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1885) of Mr. Morris Goodman, formerly of No. 264, High-street, Chatham, but late of Frankfort House, Luton-road, Chatham, who died on May 5 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Mrs. Caroline Goodman, the widow, Samuel Richard Hickson, and Humphrey Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator makes bequests to his wife and to his niece, Elizabeth Joseph, and gives a complimentary legacy to his executor, Mr. Hickson. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death he bequeathes legacies to nephews and nieces; and the ultimate residue he gives to his said niece, Elizabeth Joseph.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1881) of Mr. Alexander Francis Powell, formerly of The Mount, Barford Saint Martin, but late of Baverstock, Wilts, who died on Dec. 14 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Mrs. Marion Sybil Powell, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator devises and bequeathes all his real and personal estate, of every sort and kind, to his wife, for her own sole use and benefit.

The will, as contained in papers A and B (dated Dec. 21, 1885, and May 4, 1882), with three codicils (dated Dec. 23, 1885, and June 18 and July 21, 1886), of the Right Hon. Jane, Baroness Sinclair, late of No. 110, Sloane-street, who died on June 17 last, at Ramleh, in Egypt, was proved on the 2nd inst. by the Hon. Mary Agnes St. Clair, the daughter, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £2000. The testatrix makes some bequests to two of her sons, and gives a pecuniary legacy to her maid. All other her real and personal estate, including the personal fortune of her late husband, James St. Clair, Baron Sinclair, over which she has a power of appointment, and her heritable estate in Scotland, she gives to her said daughter.

The Temple Church will be closed until October for the Long Vacation.

The members of the Archaeological Institute had a busy day last Saturday, visiting Wardour, Tisbury, and Wilton. At Wardour Castle, Lord Arundel acted as chaperon, and exhibited the numerous relics of antiquarian interest for which the castle is famous. Subsequently, the visitors inspected the various historical treasures of Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke.—The Bishop of Salisbury preached on Sunday morning at a service at the cathedral in connection with the institute.—On Monday the members had an excursion in the neighbourhood of Heytesbury and Warminster; a special feature of the day's proceedings being a visit to Scratchbury Camp.—The session closed on Tuesday with excursions to Rushmore Park, Winklebury Camp, and Fernie House, the seat of Sir Thomas Grove, M.P. A portion of the members have organised a supplementary tour through Brittany and Normandy.

## A CENTURY AGO

AUGUST, 1787.

All the world—at least, all who had any pretension to be of it—was out of town. Margate and Dover were full—Ramsgate and other watering-places on the south coast being comparatively unknown—but everybody that was anybody was at Brightonstone. For it was a pleasant ride by road, either



by post-chaise or stage-coach; and, moreover, there was the attraction of the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, who had just come over from Hanover, and, for the first time in his life, had an establishment of his own. I fear that the sea air and bathing were but secondary considerations. Here is a little story of the beach:

"The Cliff last week exhibited a scene of the most whimsical and extraordinary distress that can well be imagined. Mr. H—, who, more for recreation and in observance of the fashion than from any necessity, is as punctual at the machines as the most infirm valetudinarian, generally amuses himself with ten or twelve minutes' swimming every morning. A *chevalier d'industrie* having remarked the practice, and probably apprehensive that it may some time or other be of evil consequences, applied a very effectual remedy to this extravagant custom. In the state of nature, they say, all property is common; and as both were naked in the water, the adventurer saw no reason why he should not come forth as well dressed as his neighbours. So, hurrying into Mr. H—'s machine, he was soon equipped with a suit of very fashionable clothes, watch, purse, &c., and, paying Smoker a shilling, retired without any interruption, leaving the swimmer in the most laughable confusion. On a scrutiny of the ragged habiliments left upon the beach, a very good reason was discovered for his not employing a machine to go in, not having even as much cash as would satisfy the Charon of the place. Mr. H— had a good deal of difficulty in making himself known, and, not much relishing the articles of reciprocity left behind, was obliged to remain in a ludicrous state of *naked majesty*, till a dress was brought from his lodgings."

Fashion, in the matter of dress at the seaside, was as extravagant then, as it is now, at a fashionable watering-place, and the following advice to gentlemen is given in the *London Chronicle*, Aug. 16-18, 1787:—"For the morning provide yourself with a very large round hat. This will preserve your face from the sun and wind, both of which are very prejudicial to the complexion. Let your hair be well filled with pomatum, powder, and bear's grease, and tuck it under your hat. Have an enormous chitterlin to your shirt, the broader the better; and pull it up to look as like the pouter pigeon as you possibly can. A white waistcoat without skirts, and a coat with a collar up to your ears, will do for an early hour; and, if they say your head looks like that of John the Baptist in a charger, tell them you are not ashamed to look like an Apostle, whatever they are. Your first appearance must be in red morocco slippers, with yellow heels; your second in shoes with the Vandyke tie; your third in Cordovan boots, with very long rowelled spurs, which are very useful to walk in, for, if you tear a lady's apron, it gives you a good opportunity of showing how gracefully you can ask pardon. Your fourth dress must be the three-cornered hat, the Paris pump, and the Artois buckle."

About this time ballooning was the rage, and two balloons were advertised to start simultaneously. They were being filled with hydrogen (on the Surrey side of London Bridge) in the presence of a large crowd of spectators; but at the last moment, the weather being somewhat stormy, the aéronauts declined to ascend, and the crowd vented their disappointment on the offending balloons. In his anxiety to see the proceedings, one man got his head through the balustrade of London Bridge, and could not withdraw it for over an hour, affording, by his impromptu pillory, rare sport to the mob. This month Lunardi intended to cross the Channel from Dover, but he did not make the attempt.

Aug. 11 is noteworthy for being the centenary of the foundation of the See of Nova Scotia, the Rev. C. Inglis, D.D., being appointed the first Bishop.

About this time very great interest was taken in our national game of cricket, and we may take one match as an instance. It was played in "Mary-le-Bone-Field," and was a single-wicket match. It lasted three days, beginning on Aug. 2. "This match is between Kent and Hampshire—or, for the sake of a reinforcement to the latter county of one or two players, between Kent and All England. The match is for 500 gs.—though it is said that not less than £20,000 are depending upon it." There were six on a side, and ultimately Kent won by 23 notches, cutting a notch in a piece of wood for each run then being the method of scoring. This

precisely similar, and although the third stump was added by the Hambledon Club in 1775, its adoption was not universal, as may be seen in a print in the *Sporting Magazine* for June, 1793, where only two stumps, and the bent bat, as in our Illustration, are used in a "Grand Cricket Match, played in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, on June 20th and following day, between the Earls of Winchelsea and Darnley for 1000 guineas." In 1798 another alteration was made in the wickets, which were then 24 in. high and 7 in. wide; and in 1817 it was again altered to 27 in. high and 8 in. broad, at which it now stands. The antiquity of the game of cricket is undoubted, but an attempt to fix a very early date may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1788 (vol. lviii., p. 189):—"In the Wardrobe account of the twenty-eighth year of King Edward I. (A.D. 1300), published last year by the Society of Antiquaries, among the entries of money issued for the use of his son, Prince Edward, in playing at different games, is the following: 'Domino Johanni de Leek, capellano domini Edwardi fil' ad *creag* et alios ludos per vices, per manus proprias apud Westm. 10 die Aprilis, 100s.'"

Things matrimonial got a little bit mixed, according to a paragraph in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1787:—"The two sons of the present Lord Petre, not long since, married two sisters; of these there still remains a younger sister, whom Lord Petre himself is about to marry. To complete the perplexities of these intermarriages, these young ladies have a brother, who is engaged to marry a daughter of Lord Petre's. It will be no easy matter to ascertain the precise degree of relationship which the issue of these marriages will bear to each other."

There was an excellent portrait of the King published this month, representing the Monarch on horseback, enjoying the diversion of stag-hunting, which he frequently followed during his residence at Windsor. Perhaps there might have been a suspicion of Royal etiquette in his always heading the field;



but he was always well up to the hounds; nay, one caricature of this picture represents him as riding over them.

There is a little anecdote told of the King in the *New Town and Country Magazine* for 1787:—"Aug. 16. A very particular circumstance occurred on Wednesday, which has occasioned much conversation in Windsor. His Majesty, after parading the terrace with the Duke of York, rested his arm on the sun-dial, which is near the end of the walk; the Duke did the same, and continued in conversation with some gentlemen with whom they had for some time before been walking. During this parley, a sentinel upon duty there walked up to the King and ordered his Majesty to remove from the dial, as it was under his particular charge. His Majesty removed accordingly, observing, at the same time, that the man's rigid adherence to his orders was highly commendable; and a few hours after he was graciously pleased to recommend him to the Colonel of the regiment as an object worthy of promotion."

In the middle of August the Queen received a letter from a man named Stone, proposing for the hand of the Princess Royal. The following are some extracts:—"To come to the point, I have seen the Princess Royal, and must assure you that the brilliancy of her beauties, in the assemblage, surpasses even the honours of her situation. . . . It is true that my estates at present are somewhat encumbered; but what of that? The purity of my desires will operate as an antidote against the evils of poverty. I leave it to your discretion to mention the affair to his Majesty: if you approve of the measure, I can have no objection." And he winds up a postscript thus:—"I hope soon to have the honour of approaching you in a less equivocal character."

The poor fellow was apprehended, and his insanity having been proved, he was sent to Bethlehem Hospital, where his great idea was to meet Margaret Nicholson, who stabbed the King, and who was also an inmate. We get a glimpse of him afterwards in the *Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 27, 1787, when some gentlemen, going over the hospital, saw him, and reported that he spoke very rationally, and that if he was placed in a private asylum he would probably entirely recover.

The convivial habits of men a century ago sometimes led to curious results. One instance comes from Edinburgh. It was after the business of the Quarterly Sessions was closed, and the Provost and Magistrates adjourned to a tavern, in company with other gentlemen—those were the days when men did not shirk their bottle—and the result in this case was great conviviality. During the evening, the Provost proposed a toast, which was drunk by all, except one gentleman. The refusal to drink a toast was always regarded as very bad form, and, in a moment of merriment, these Magistrates formed a Court, tried the delinquent, found him guilty, and sentenced him to be set upon an ass, with his face to the tail, his hands to be tied behind him, and a label on his breast, inscribed "This is the man who refused drinking"—such a toast. The sentence was carried out—but the culprit brought an action against the Magistrates, first in an inferior Court, and afterwards before the High Justiciary. Fifteen Judges tried the case, and their gravity broke down. However, the plaintiff got a hundred pounds damages and sixpence costs.

In the latter part of the month were many thunderstorms, and there is a story *à propos* both of the storm and the bottle. This time the scene is laid at Limerick, and, in those days, an Irishman would not yield to a Scotshman in the matter of conviviality. Some friends were having a wet evening, inside and outside of the house, for there was a thunderstorm, and one stole off to bed. Of course there was but one method of dealing with such a recreant. He was pursued to his lair, captured, wrapped up in a dressing-gown, and carried downstairs to continue the festivity. But he had scarcely left the bed-room when the house was struck by lightning, which passed through the centre of the bed which he had just quitted.

J. A.

Government-assisted emigrants from Kerry, numbering 106, sailed from Queenstown last Saturday for Quebec in the Beaver steamer Lake Winnipeg. The emigrants are farm labourers and domestic servants.

## OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE HOME-SPEIRS, BART.

Sir George Home-Speirs, Bart., of Blackadder and Culcreuch, D.L. for Stirlingshire, Advocate at the Scottish Bar, died on the 30th ult., in his fifty-fifth year. He was second son of Sir James Home, eighth Baronet, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his elder brother, Sir John Home, 1849. He was educated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and became Advocate in 1855. He was a claimant of the old Scottish Earldom of Dunbar. He married, March 9, 1858, Ann Oliphant, only child of Mr. Graham Speirs, Sheriff of Midlothian, and assumed in 1878 the additional surname of Speirs. His eldest son and successor, now Sir James, the eleventh Baronet, late Lieutenant 1st Battalion Black Watch, was born Sept. 28, 1861.

MR. CUSAC-SMITH.

Mr. William Robert Cusac-Smith, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, died on the 31st ult., at Southgate, Norwood. He was born Sept. 29, 1832, the only son of the Right Hon. Thomas Berry Smith, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, by Louisa, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. James Hugh Smith-Barry, of Marbury Hall, Cheshire; and was nephew and heir presumptive of Sir William Cusac-Smith, Bart. He married, Aug. 20, 1856, Mary Blanche, daughter of Mr. John Chisenhale-Chisenhale, of Arley Hall, Lancashire, and leaves issue.

ADMIRAL G. T. GORDON.

Admiral George Thomas Gordon, K.H., died at Ingleden, Kent, on the 30th ult., in his eighty-first year. He entered the Royal Navy in 1818, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1879. From 1835 to 1840 he served on the Spanish coast during the first Carlist War, and was Flag-Captain to the Commander-in-Chief in the Baltic in 1854. From 1858 to 1861 he commanded the steam reserve at Portsmouth.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lord De Ramsey, at his town residence, on the 9th inst., after a prolonged illness. His memoir will be given next week.

Mr. Charles Tyrell, of Plashwood, Suffolk, J.P. and D.L., on the 1st inst., aged eighty-two.

Mr. Thomas Case, of Huyton and Whiston, Lancashire, on the 23rd ult., at No. 15, Rue du Cercle, Champs Elysées, Paris, aged seventy-six.

Lady Sladen (Harriet Amelia), widow of Sir Charles Sladen, on the 12th ult., at Sandhurst, Victoria, Australia, aged sixty-eight.

Mr. Thomas Simon Bolitho, of Trengwarnton, Cornwall, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1867, and Deputy-Warden of the Stanneries, on the 31st ult., in his eightieth year.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker, late of the 88th and 21st Regiment, and 3rd Dragoon Guards, on the 29th ult., at Eaglehurst, Sidmouth, aged seventy-four. He was eldest son of General Sir Samuel Hawker, G.C.H.

Lady Culme Seymour (Maria Louisa), widow of the Rev. Sir John Hobart Culme-Seymour, Canon of Gloucester, sister of Sir Charles Joshua Smith, Bart., of Tring Park, Herts, on the 24th ult., at Glenville, Hants, aged seventy-three.

Lady Stewart (Mary Anne), wife of Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, the distinguished professor of music in the University of Dublin, and daughter of Mr. Peter Browne, of Rahins, county of Mayo, on the 7th inst., at 40, Upper Fitzwilliam-street, Dublin, beloved and lamented.

Hon. Mrs. Chichester Skeffington (Amelia), second daughter of Mr. Arthur Blennerhasset, of Ballyseedy, county of Kerry, and widow of the Hon. Chichester Thomas Skeffington, brother of the late Viscount Massereene, on the 3rd inst. Her third daughter, Flora Georgina, is married to Lord Muskerry.

Major-General Charles Style Akers, Royal Engineers, on the 22nd ult. He was third son of the late Mr. Aretas Akers, of Malling Abbey, Kent, J.P. and D.L., and uncle of Mr. Aretas Akers-Douglas, of Chilston Park, Political Secretary to the Treasury.

Commander the Hon. Francis Robert Sandilands, R.N., brother of James Walter, Lord Torphichen, on the 30th ult., Commander of H.M.S. Mosquito during the Egyptian War, 1882, for which he had the medal, bronze star, and fourth class Osmanian, and was specially promoted.

Mr. James Fleming, Q.C., Chancellor of the Chancery Court at Durham, on the 23rd ult., at his residence, No. 12, Dorset-square, aged eighty. Mr. Fleming had a large practice in peerage cases before the House of Lords. He married, Aug. 18, 1841, Julia Matilda, daughter of Major John Canning, of the Foxcote family.

Mr. Colin George Campbell, of Stonefield, in the county of Argyll, J.P. and D.L., Convener of the county, on the 26th ult., at his seat, near Tarbert, aged seventy-six. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John Campbell, of Stonefield, by Wilhelmina, his wife, daughter of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss, and was elder brother of Dr. J. C. Campbell, Bishop of Bangor. His great-grandfather, John Campbell, Lord Stonefield, of the Court of Session in Scotland, married Lady Grace Stuart, daughter of the Prime Minister Bute.

At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council it was resolved to invite the British Association to hold its annual meeting in Newcastle in 1889. The British Association has not visited Newcastle since 1863, when Sir William, now Lord Armstrong, presided.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain B. F. Pellé, of the French fishing-smack Saint Roch, of Tréboul, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the steam-ship Bavington, of Sunderland, which was abandoned off Ushant on June 8.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of a Royal Commission in this country for promoting the centennial exhibition which it is proposed to hold in Melbourne, in the colony of Victoria, in 1888. President—the Prince of Wales; vice-president and chairman—the Earl of Rosebery.

The large south transept window of Chester Cathedral, the stonework of which has been re-designed by Mr. A. W. Blomfield, the architect to the cathedral, and filled with rich stained glass, was seen for the first time on Sunday. Lord Egerton of Tatton has given both the new stonework and the glass. The inscription is as follows:—"To the glory of God and in memory of William Tatton, first Baron Egerton of Tatton, Lord Lieutenant and Chairman of Quarter Sessions, county of Chester, who died February, 1883. His son, Wilbraham, Baron Egerton of Tatton, restored this window, August, 1887." The work was executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne.

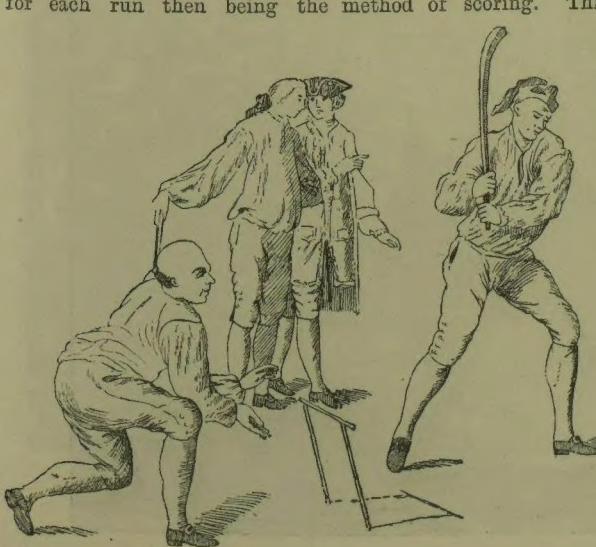


Illustration is somewhat prior to 1787, and is taken from a picture engraved in 1743; but it practically represents the game as played one hundred years ago—the bat used being



THE MOUTH OF THE MERSEY.

The exploit of Admiral Fremantle's squadron in seizing the entrances to the Rivers Thames and Medway on Thursday week is attracting attention to the defences. To the batteries and the fort of Sheerness, with the forts at the Isle of Grain and Shoeburyness, are intrusted the important duties of protecting the Thames, with the city of London, on the one hand, and the Medway, with the great naval arsenals at Sheerness and Chatham, on the other. The squadron under Admiral Fremantle, representing a hostile force proceeding to attack Sheerness and London, consisted of the Agincourt, the Impérieuse, the Black Prince, the Iron

Duke, and the Conqueror, with a torpedo-cruiser and a despatch-vessel, which anchored at the Nore on Thursday week, at eight in the morning. If this squadron could have kept its position ten hours, Sheerness would have been regarded as taken; for most of the heavy guns with which the forts are at present equipped are muzzle-loaders, and would have been unable to cope with the 45-ton breech-loading guns mounted in the turrets of the Conqueror, or even with the guns of the armoured cruiser Impérieuse. But at noon that day the blockade was unexpectedly raised, and the attacking force weighed anchor in great haste and departed. The cause of this

movement was that the commander of the defending squadron, Sir William Hewett, had obtained information of the whereabouts of Admiral Fremantle's squadron, and was coming to attack them. After leaving the Nore, Admiral Fremantle proceeded in the direction of the Girdler light-ship, when he sighted the approach of Admiral Hewett's squadron. Admiral Fremantle then made an effort to escape into the North Sea; but Admiral Hewett successfully intercepted the manœuvre, and Admiral Fremantle then retreated to the Nore, and up the Thames as far as Thames Haven. The victory remained with Sir William Hewett.

Iron Duke.

Black Prince.

Conqueror. Impérieuse. Agincourt.



ADMIRAL FREMANTLE'S SQUADRON AT THAMES HAVEN BLOCKADED BY ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT.



THE NAVAL MANEUVRES : H.M.S. DEVASTATION ENGAGING THE ENEMY IN THE IRISH CHANNEL.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT ON BOARD.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Twelfth finds Parliament yet sitting; albeit many Peers and members have flitted to the moors for the exhilarating sport of grouse-shooting, or are taking their pleasure in the Solent, or dispersing "the blues" amid the pleasant surroundings of the German baths. Not undeserving sympathy are those who remain to complete the business of the Session at Westminster. Sir John Gorst was substantially correct in roundly declaring the other day that seven weeks would have sufficed to accomplish what the Government have consumed seven months in doing. But the trying circumstances of this Jubilee year—acrimonious enough in the House—should be borne in mind when the Ministry is weighed in the balance. Having regard to the tumultuous oceans of talk he has had to encounter, Mr. W. H. Smith has discharged the duties of leadership very creditably; and the moribund Session finds him speaking with a firmness and a clearness which plainly testify to his mastery of the situation.

Welcome as each epigrammatic and acute utterance of the Marquis of Salisbury is—and bidden though we are to hearken unto "the voice of wisdom," as raised at the Mansion House banquet to the Prime Minister and his colleagues—it may not be without profit to hark back to the dinner given in honour of the Premier's most influential "sleeping partner" at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich. It being an indisputable fact, unpalatable as it may be to some "wire-pullers," that the National Liberal Club is composed of a number of members utterly irreconcilable at present, the Marquis of Hartington acted judiciously in preferring the Ship for the Liberal Unionist symposium on the Fifth of August. Without dwelling upon the manifest acerbity of Mr. Bright, who presided, in denouncing Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy in terms events may soon prove to have been unjust to a great and single-minded statesman, one may cite the general tone of the speech-making in proof of the improbability of a speedy reunion of the dissevered Liberal Party. The points upon which Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone are not yet quite agreed may be infinitesimal. I believe they are, and that an hour's friendly consultation between the right hon. gentleman and the noble Lord would settle the basis of a thoroughly satisfactory system of local self-government for Ireland. But the Marquis of Hartington is evidently rooted to his stand-off attitude. The kernel of the political situation is in the continuous support Lord Hartington and the Liberal Unionists are resolved to accord to the Government of Lord Salisbury. Bye elections may show that faith in the Gladstonian solution of the Irish difficulty is growing in the country. But, whilst the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists combined can maintain an overwhelming majority in Parliament, Lord Hartington will be clearly disinclined to budge from his peculiar position. His Greenwich speech, indeed, indicated that his Lordship would be willing to co-operate more actively with Lord Salisbury in the consideration of important matters of policy—that is to say, in the capacity, presumably, of a wakeful and more vigilant "sleeping partner" of the Ministry. Perhaps, the most hopeful passage in the Marquis of Hartington's notable address was the one full of legislative promise for Great Britain, whose interests have been so sadly neglected:

Not long ago Mr. Chamberlain enumerated some of the great questions of social reform and progress which were most pressing for solution. He referred to such questions as a reform of the land laws, calculated to increase largely the number of owners of land in England; the improvement of the condition of labourers; the extension of local government on a popular basis; the extension of facilities for primary and technical education; for the revision of taxation; and for the economical administration of the revenues of the country (Hear, hear). I do not know with which of these subjects the Conservative party is by any of its traditions disqualified to deal, and I believe that it is perfectly possible that, assisted and stimulated by the Liberal Unionist section, the Conservative party are prepared to enter upon a course of legislation of that character (Hear, hear).

Strange to say, the day after the Greenwich gathering, Lord Hartington's influence was exercised against two of his right-hand Liberal Unionist supporters, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Finlay. The Commons had on Saturday reached the last stage of the Irish Land Bill, and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Finlay had both favoured Mr. Dillon's views so far that they desired the Government to adopt a course which would relieve embarrassed tenants of arrears of rent. But Lord Hartington intervened to say he thought the Government had gone far enough in the path of concession. Thereupon Mr. Dillon's amendment to the twenty-sixth clause was negatived by 126 against 96 votes. The other amendments being dropped, the Bill was read the third time and passed. But it is to be hoped the House of Lords will have had the grace to improve the measure in the easy way suggested by Mr. Chamberlain.

One of the enthusiastic founders of the Volunteer movement, Lord Elcho—to give the title his Lordship is better known by than that of Lord Wemyss—was the right man in the right place to protest in the House of Lords against the project of removing the annual camp of the National Rifle Association from Wimbledon-common. In his frank and hearty fashion, the Duke of Cambridge confessed he thought the camp should go elsewhere because of the risk Wimbledon-dwellers ran of being shot by stray bullets, and his Royal Highness suggested Pirbright as an alternative site. But Lord Wantage indicated how danger from erratic shots could be guarded against, and favoured the retention of Wimbledon for the camp. With Lord Wemyss, Lord Wantage, Earl Spencer, Earl Brownlow, and Lord Truro, I trust the N.R.A. may not be deprived of its time-honoured and accessible shooting-ranges on bright and breezy Wimbledon-common.

Lord Rosebery will manifestly not be happy until he has reformed the House of Lords. The noble Earl on Tuesday quietly gave notice that he would, early next Session, call attention to its constitution, and move a resolution.

The Commons have, in Committee, shown their usual liberality in voting away other people's money. Stanch economists in vain strive to arrest this free-handed generosity now and again. Mr. Hanbury, mayhap, went too far when he proposed to deprive General Sir John Adye of his retired pay on account of his alleged responsibility for the bending of cutlasses and sword-bayonets—a responsibility which Sir John Adye cleared himself from in a letter to Wednesday's *Times*; but the War Office and Admiralty are likely to bestir themselves to extra vigilance now their sins of omission and commission are so plainly criticised by such trenchant reformers of abuses as Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Hanbury. The cheerful humour of Mr. Labouchere has relieved the dulness of Committee, as, for example, when the hon. member granted that salaries should be given to the Commissioners of Northern Lights if they deserved them, but drily added, amid laughter, that "they should not be allowed to consume enough wine to float a ship in." Briefly mentioning that Mr. Matthews has at length made a satisfactory statement regarding the arrest of Miss Cass; that Mr. Smith's Ministerial answers appear to increase in tactful aptness; that there is a strong desire in favour of passing the Scottish Conveyancing Act Amendment Bill; and that the Technical Education Bill was on Tuesday read the second time, I need only add that we shall all be glad to escape from Parliamentary thralldom.

## MUSIC.

London music will receive renewed stimulus from the commencement of a new series of promenade concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre this (Saturday) evening. As during several past years, Mr. W. F. Thomas is the lessee, and Mr. A. Gwyllim Crowe is the conductor. A full band, comprising many of our best instrumentalists, led by Mr. Carrotius, is engaged, and arrangements have been made for the appearance, during the season, of many eminent vocalists, including Mesdames Valleria, Patey, Sterling, Pappenheim, Rose Hersee, Enriquez, Samuell, and Fasset, Misses Trebelli, Larkcom, D'Alton, and Gomes; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. F. King, Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. J. W. Turner, Mr. R. Hollins, Mr. O. Harley, Mr. W. Clifford, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Burgon, and Mr. Pyatt. Mesdames Frickenhaus and Dutton Cook, and Misses Josephine Lawrence and Florence Waud, will appear as solo pianists, and Mr. Radcliff and Mr. Howard Reynolds as soloists, respectively, on the flute and cornet. In some of the orchestral pieces the full effects will be enhanced by the co-operation of the band of the Coldstream Guards. The electric light will be largely used for the brilliant illumination of the theatre; and the arrangements in every respect promise a successful season. The programme for the opening night included the names of Mesdames Valleria and Enriquez, Mr. H. Piercy, and Mr. W. Clifford as solo vocalists.

A season of promenade concerts is also announced to be given by Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre, beginning on Saturday evening, Aug. 20; Signor Arditi being the conductor.

Madame Ilma De Murska, the eminent prima donna, was announced to give evening concerts this week at the Albert Palace on Thursday and Saturday.

## THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

The preliminary programme of the twenty-second triennial festival has just been issued. The performances will take place, as heretofore, in St. Andrew's Hall, beginning on Tuesday evening, Oct. 11, with Mr. Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode," M. Saint-Saëns's settings of the XIXth Psalm, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"; the following morning being partly devoted to the new oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet," composed for the festival by Signor Bottesini, who will conduct its performance; Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" completing the day's programme. In the evening there will be a miscellaneous concert. On Thursday morning the second festival novelty will be produced. This is an oratorio entitled "Isaiah," composed for the occasion by Signor Mancinelli, who will conduct it. The composer will be remembered as having skilfully directed most of the Italian opera performances recently given at Drury-Lane Theatre. The new oratorio will be followed by Cherubini's fourth Mass. The miscellaneous concert of Thursday evening will include Mr. C. V. Stanford's "Irish" symphony and Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," each work to be conducted by its composer. Friday morning will be devoted to "The Messiah," and in the evening the festival will close with a miscellaneous concert, which will include Berlioz's "Faust" music.

The list of principal vocalists includes the names of Madame Albani, Misses L. Lehmann, A. Marriott, H. Wilson, and L. Little; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. C. Wade, Mr. Santley, and Mr. B. Foote. There will be a full orchestra and numerous chorus, and the performances (with exceptions already specified) will be, as before, conducted by Mr. Randegger.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

His Excellency Rustem Pasha, Turkish Ambassador; his Excellency the Netherlands Minister and Countess de Bylandt, and about one hundred relatives and friends were present at 44, Queen's-gate, at the invitation of Madame De Bustros, at the nuptials of her grand-daughter, Zafer Natrhal, with Khalil Effendi Khouri, of Beyrouth, Syria, on the 4th inst. The marriage ceremony, which was according to the rites of the orthodox Greek Church, took place in the principal drawing-room, which, together with the approaches, was decorated with palms, roses, lilies, and other flowers. In the centre of the drawing-room was a temporary altar covered with a gold embroidered cloth, on which was placed a beautifully-bound copy of the four Gospels, the table being lighted by wax candles in three massive silver candlesticks. The ceremony commenced, in the presence of the assembled guests, shortly before three o'clock, the bride entering the drawing-room escorted by her cousin, Mr. Michael Bustros; two pages—Masters Alexander Moussa and Alexandre Vladimir De Bustros, her cousins—carrying her train. The bride and bridegroom, having taken their places before the altar, the bride being supported by Madame Dehan, her aunt, and the bridegroom by Skender Bey Tuéni, the pages standing on each side with lighted wax candles, which were wreathed with orange-blossoms, the ceremony began.

The marriage of Mr. Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck, younger son of the Right Hon. George Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P., with Miss Ruth St. Maur, took place in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, on Monday morning. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Alfred Farquhar, as best man; and the bride was attended by eight bridesmaids—Lady Helen Blackwood, Miss Ramsden, Miss Ruth Thynne, and Lady Gwendolen Onslow, her cousins; Miss Violet and Miss Hyacinth Cavendish-Bentinck (twin sisters), and Miss May Cavendish-Bentinck, cousins of the bridegroom, and Miss Kitty Lister. They wore dresses of white silk draped with cream-striped transparent material, and cream hats with bunches of pink roses. Each wore a brooch with "1887" in diamonds, the bridegroom's gift. The bride (who was given away by Lady Gwendolen Ramsden, her aunt and guardian) wore a dress of the richest ivory satin duchesse, draped with fine old Brussels lace, caught with bunches of orange-blossoms; a wreath of the same flowers, and a tulip veil; she wore no jewels.

A marriage was solemnised at Holy Trinity, Chelsea, on the 4th inst., between Mr. Frederick A. Beer, of 14, Stratton-street, Piccadilly, and Rachel Sassoon, only daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. Sassoon David Sassoon, of Ashley Park, Walton-on-Thames. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Alfred Sassoon. Her train was held by Master Robin Sefi and Miss Victoria Royle, and Miss Helen Thornycroft was the bridesmaid. The bridegroom's best man was Mr. William Stone.

There are comparatively few who have realised that a trip to India and back, with a stay of two or three weeks there, is capable of accomplishment within the compass of two months' holiday or even less. The P. and O. Company have done well to bring the fact prominently before the public in a practical form, and a tour which they are organising bids fair to be as instructive as it will undoubtedly prove popular. Their fine new steamer Victoria, of 6500 tons, is to leave London on Oct. 1 for Bombay, touching at Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, and Aden en route—a stay of twenty days at Bombay will give ample time for a visit to numberless places of interest; and on Nov. 11 the Victoria will return, calling at Naples on her homeward journey. A more thorough rest and change to body and mind can hardly be conceived.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Poor Miss Prim" is the title of a song by F. L. Moir, who has set some lively strains to some quaint lines by F. E. Weatherly. There is much quiet humour in the verses, and this is well reflected in Mr. Moir's pretty and tripping melody. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Father's Sword," a song by A. H. Behrend, in which there is a touch of the martial character appropriate to the lines, which treat of a child's desire to follow the soldier's career of his father. Stephen Adams's successful song, "The Star of Bethlehem," has been effectively arranged as a pianoforte piece by Mr. Boyton Smith, who has surrounded the melodic theme with a variety of ornamental passages that are brilliant and showy without being specially difficult. Messrs. Boosey and Co. publish this, and two characteristic movements for the pianoforte by L. Zavertal entitled, respectively, "Petits Sabots" and "Glow-worms," forming Nos. 13 and 12 of a series of "Spare Moments at the Pianoforte." The first-named piece is a graceful mazurka movement, the other being also in a piquant dance style. "Saidie," a pleasing "Air du Ballet" by E. Amillon, and "Iris," a series of spirited waltz movements by E. Bucalossi, are also from the firm of Messrs. Boosey and Co.

"The Mission Bells of Monterey" is a setting, by M. Gounod, of some characteristic lines by Bret Harte. The composer has produced an impressive piece, solemn, though simple, the hymn-like melody being supported by a highly characteristic accompaniment, the harmonic treatment of which is especially remarkable. The song is one of many instances of M. Gounod's power to produce special effects by simple means. Messrs. Chappell are the publishers, as also, of "Across the Stream," a song, by J. L. Roeckel, in which there is much genuine sentimental expression—the pathos of the minor key being relieved by the transition to the major. "Rally round the Old Flag" is a song by Caroline Lowthian, in which some loyal lines are set to a melody of bold and effective rhythm, well suited for declamation. This is also published by Messrs. Chappell, as are "The Garden of Sleep," by I. De Lara; "Dreams of the Summer Night," by F. P. Tosti; and "Thou Art Sleeping," by I. Caryll—all pleasingly melodious, and essentially vocal in character; and each lying within a moderate compass of voice.

Among the loyal tributes called forth by the recent memorable occasion are "The Queen! God bless Her!" a national anthem written and composed by A. J. Caldicott (J. and J. Hopkinson), and a new arrangement, by August Buhl, of the time-honoured "God save the Queen" (heretofore "God save the King") published by Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. The first-named piece is a vigorous setting of loyal and enthusiastic lines for solo voice and chorus (also issued for chorus only), in a martial style, very expressive of enthusiastic feeling. The arrangement of our well-known National Anthem is that adopted in Germany, and is given here for alto solo, quartet, and chorus, with some ad libitum alterations by the composer, the solo portions being associated with some very florid and effective passages in the pianoforte accompaniment.

"A Dictionary of Music and Musicians." Edited by Sir George Grove (Macmillan and Co.).—The twenty-second part of this valuable work, just issued, brings it to a conclusion, with the exception of the supplement, which is necessitated by the lapse of time occurring between its commencement, eight or nine years ago, and its termination now. With the greatest care, some omissions are sure to be made in a book of so comprehensive a nature, and, moreover, names that were unknown or obscure when the dictionary was begun have since become famous. These defects will be remedied in the appendix, which, together with a full index to the whole work, will be shortly forthcoming. The final instalment of the dictionary begins with the word "Waltz," and ends with "Zwischenpiel." The most important article is the notice of Carl Maria von Weber, the immortal composer of "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," "Oberon," and other great works. This comprehensive and exhaustive notice is by Dr. Philip Spitta, of Berlin, who acknowledges the free use which he has made of Jähns's valuable work, "Carl Maria von Weber in seinen Werken." The completion of Sir George Grove's dictionary fulfills an undertaking that might, under less energetic direction, have occupied a much longer period. The book supplies a want that has long been felt, and it is indispensable to the musician, whether professional or amateur.

"Ruth;" a Dramatic Oratorio. By F. H. Cowen (Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—This important work has been commissioned and composed expressly for the approaching musical festival at Worcester, where it is to be produced on Sept. 8, conducted by the composer. The text has been compiled—from the Holy Scriptures—by Mr. Joseph Bennett, whose combined musical and literary acquirements have been before successfully manifested in several instances. The book is well laid out for the composer's purpose; the characters supposed to be represented being Ruth, Orpha, Naomi, Boaz, an Elder and a Reaper; the music assigned to these being associated, in the Worcester programme, with the names respectively of Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Miss H. Glenn, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills. The oratorio consists of two parts, the first of which comprises three scenes:—"Before the house of Naomi, in the land of Moab," "On the road to the land of Judah," and "In the harvest-field at Bethlehem"—the scenes of the second part being "A harvest-feast at the threshing-floor of Boaz," and "At the gate of Bethlehem." The music consists of solos and concerted pieces for the principal vocalists and choruses. As far as can be judged from the printed score only, the oratorio seems likely to prove quite worthy of its composer and of the occasion which has elicited it, detailed criticism being necessarily reserved until after its performance.

"The Organist's Quarterly Journal" (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) keeps up the interest and variety of its contents—consisting of original compositions—under the active editorship of Dr. Spark, of Leeds; himself an occasional contributor. The work is now in its tenth volume, the current number being the seventy-fifth part, the contents of which comprise a melodious "Pastorale" by W. Mullineux; a Sonata by E. T. Driffield; a flowing "Andante" by E. Hake; a cleverly-written, though rather dry, trio (which is also adaptable for violin, viola, and violoncello) by Herr W. Conradi, of Schwerin; and a "Prelude," in a tranquil style, by T. Downes.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened on Tuesday at the Albert Hall, after the Druidic Gorsedd in Hyde Park. A letter was read from Mr. Gladstone, expressing his interest in the celebration, and stating that a cold had made it impossible for him to address the meeting. Lord Mostyn presided, and at the close of his address the musical competitions and the curious pennillion singing commenced. Eleven choirs competed for a prize of £50, and the Rhondda Glee Society and the Huddersfield Glee Society being adjudged equal, the prize was divided. In the evening a concert entirely devoted to Welsh music attracted a large audience. An inaugural meeting and conversazione was held in the Holborn Townhall on Monday night under the auspices of the Cymroderior Section of the Eisteddfod.

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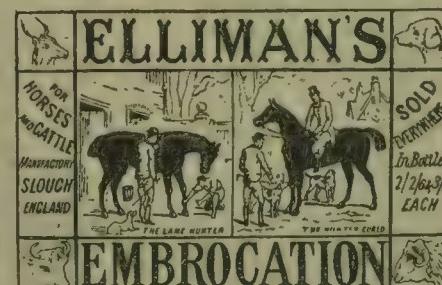
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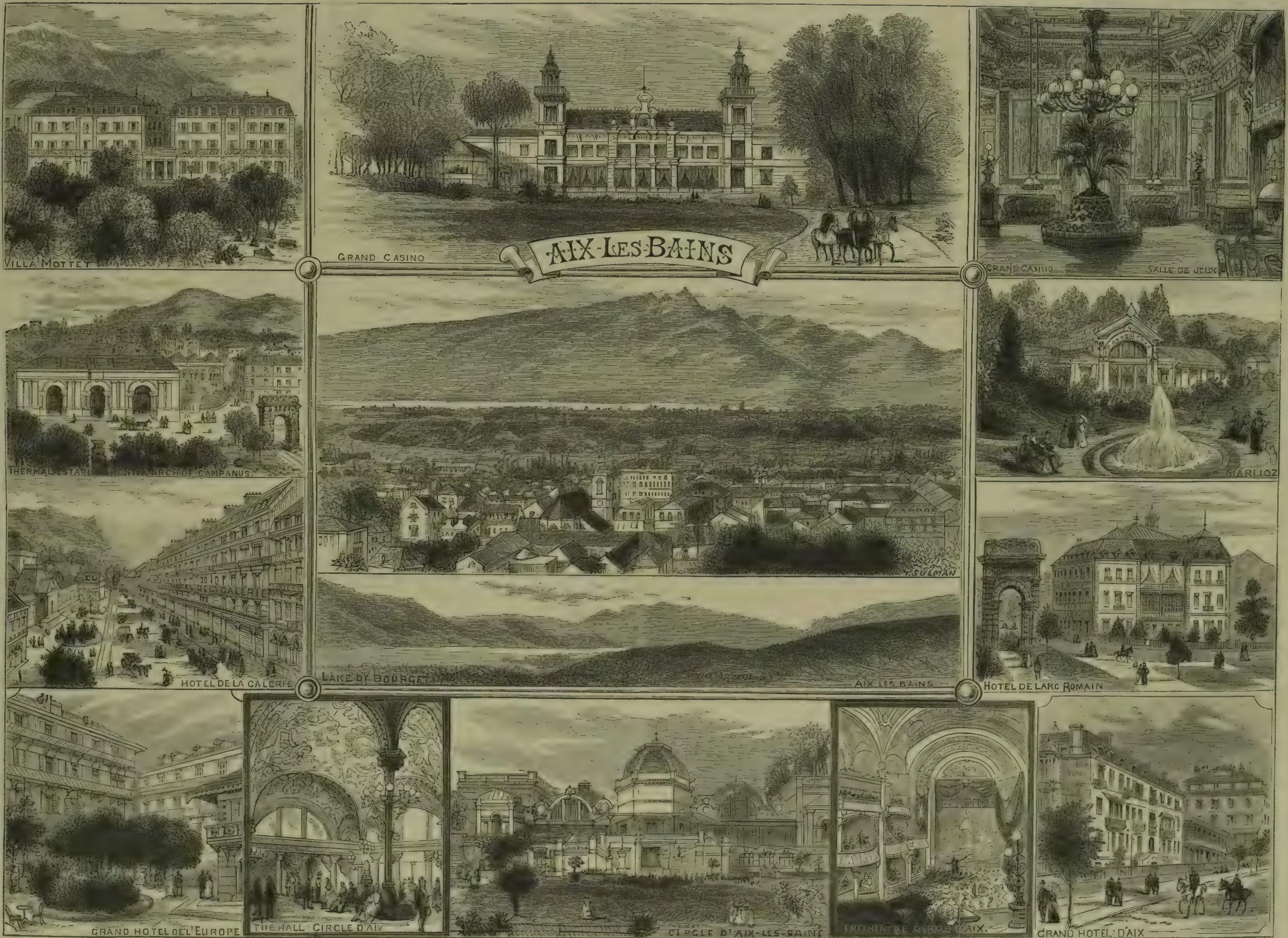


## LEAVES FROM AN AMATEUR LOG.

Lyrical music has laid it down as a maxim that Britain rules the waves, and has inspired many landsmen with a patriotic persuasion that Britons never, never, never shall be sick at sea. The courage of implicit faith is often pathetically exemplified by the rash embarkation of adventurous social parties, individually confident in the steadfastness of their unseasoned stomachs, in small vessels of fore-and-aft rig with rolling and pitching propensities, to sail over the billowy expanse of the English Channel. Gentlemen who have acquired a slight tincture of Latin scholarship at the public schools and Universities might be warned by a remembrance of those instructive verses of Horace and of Lucretius, in which the lively Roman poet declares that only a bosom fortified with "robur et aes triplex" is fit to be trusted on board the sea-tossed bark; while the other, a great philosopher, tells us how much more agreeable it is to look down from the cliffs on shore, and to behold the distant sailing craft, "turbantibus aquora ventis," fraught with the labours and sufferings of our fellow-men. Not that there is, to a human mind, any "jucunda voluptas" in contemplating their

vexation, but that it is sweet to feel oneself exempted from the grievous ills of sea-sickness, and to congratulate oneself on having prudently stayed on land. Why did not Tompkins, the victim and martyr, if not the hero, of our humorous Artist's nautical idyll, recollect these classical admonitions, and decline the friendly invitation to join those other fellows and the young ladies in a trip round the North Foreland or the Isle of Wight? We suspect that the attractions of feminine society, which have so frequently lured the wisest of mankind to incur much needless inconvenience, drew this susceptible young gentleman to the voyage, shared perchance with one who was to him "the summer pilot of an empty heart, bound to a shore of nothing." She may probably be one of those three pretty girls whom we see on the landing-pier, who have thought it safer to dine at the hotel, or at their lodgings, than to remain afloat with "a heavy swell on"; and the face of either of those young ladies is a sufficient excuse for Tompkins' weakness. The dinner of the yachtsmen on board is a scene which he, for one, would gladly have been spared, and its consequences to himself soon

became distressing. "O si sic omnia!" he might exclaim with desperate irony; for then nobody would ever ask him to go with a yachting-party for pleasure. But there is a pretended remedy, a marine viaticum concocted by some quack of an apothecary, which Mr. Smith affects to patronise and recommend. The next act of the all but tragical comedy shows Mr. Smith, a semi-scientific amateur of experiments in physiology at other people's risk, prevailing on Mr. Tompkins to try this patent cure for his internal disorder. How Tompkins swallows it, and feels immensely the worse for it; how great becomes his misery, and great the nuisance he is to his companions; how they furtively get rid of the invaluable medicine, in the darkness of night, and send the offended Smith ashore; and how a small glass of cognac, or some comforting liqueur, dispensed by the kind hand of Mrs. Brown, has a beneficial effect, will appear from a further study of these narrative sketches. We are happy to find Tompkins, in a day or two, so far recovered as to sit with his friends and enjoy their company, with the complacent sensation of being able to rule the waves.



## AIX-LES-BAINS.

This charming little town, which is distant about 350 miles from Paris, lies at the foot of the Lake of Bourget, in Savoy. Few watering-places have been more lavishly endowed by Nature. The tourist and the artist will here find landscape scenes and points of view which are very attractive; while the geologist may discover objects which throw light on the most interesting of questions as to the formation of our globe, and its earliest inhabitants; and nowhere can the botanist have a richer study of flowers than on the verdant slopes of the mountains and in the valleys around Aix-les-Bains. It will to some visitors be of still greater importance that the invalid, in search of restoration to health, comes here to springs of varied composition and temperature, possessing the most remarkable medicinal properties. The proof of their importance is manifest from the fact that the thermal establishment has been acquired by the French Government, and is conducted under official superintendence. The eminence of its medical staff, and the efficacy of its springs, render it one of the most celebrated watering-places in Europe. Not only is it a resort for the invalid, but for persons in the full enjoyment of health, some thousands of whom pass through the town after wintering in the sunny south of France or Italy. For residents, the hills overlooking the town are studded with charmingly situated villas, enjoying a pure and bracing air.

Aix-les-Bains possesses all the resources of a large town. It has several good and comfortable hotels, of which two are hotels of the first class. One of the best, having an English *clientèle*, is the Grand Hôtel de l'Europe, at the bottom of the garden of which is the Villa Mottet, recently occupied, for the second occasion, by her Majesty Queen Victoria. The Grand Hôtel d'Aix is the other establishment deserving special mention. There are also hotels of a less fashionable and aristocratic character; the Hôtel de l'Arc Romain, or Roman Arch, and the Hôtel de la Galerie. These buildings will be seen in our Illustration, and also the Villa Mottet.

For the purposes of entertainments, so necessary in a well-frequented watering-place, there are two excellent establishments, the casinos, which are conducted with the greatest care, under the immediate superintendence of special directors. One of these casinos, known as the "Grand Cercle d'Aix," was founded as far back as 1824. This is open from May to October. Concerts are given by the septuor of the Cercle; and performances in the theatre, which building is shown in our Illustration. Comedy, grand opera, opera comique, and other representations take place here; the theatre has an orchestra of sixty performers, conducted by Mr. Colonne. Music is also given in the grounds, where night fêtes and grand balls are frequent. All applications to join the club at the Cercle d'Aix should be addressed to the Director-General.

The other casino, which is of a more recent construction—1880—and is known as the Villa des Fleurs, is situated in a beautiful park contiguous to the Villa Mottet; the grounds are beautifully laid out, with velvety lawns and parterres of choice flowers. Here, also, is a pretty theatre, a handsome ball-room, card-rooms, and salons; the walls are decorated with allegorical paintings; and there is an excellent restaurant here, as well as at the Cercle d'Aix. The Villa des Fleurs offers various attractions to its subscribers and visitors, and extraordinary performances, with the assistance of vocal and theatrical artistes specially engaged; among those we may name Maurel, Talazac, Marguerite Ugalde, Sara Bernhardt, and others. There

is an orchestra of fifty musicians, and excellent concerts are given in the kiosk of the park.

The medical practitioners at Aix-les-Bains number about twenty, who are reputed of great skill in the several ailments which induce visitors to come there. There are also two English doctors, one of whom is Dr. Wakefield, the medical attendant of the Queen when at Aix. Mrs. Wakefield, who takes a very active part in the arrangement of the Church of England service at Aix (of which church her husband, Dr. Wakefield, is the churchwarden) had the honour of playing and singing before her Majesty, at the express command of the Queen, who was pleased in person to bestow on Mrs. Wakefield the Jubilee medal.

On reference to our Illustration there will be seen a light streak of land, nearly in a line with a tall poplar-tree, on the brow of the hill; this is part of the village of Tresserve, and is the spot chosen by her Majesty for the erection of the new villa which she is about to have constructed for her use. M. Desportes, the notary of Aix-les-Bains, has already been engaged in the transfer of this land to her Majesty; and he has been charged with the sale of other properties in the immediate neighbourhood, especially the charming villa of General Menabrea, Ambassador to the King of Italy at Paris. The land acquired by the Queen slopes gently towards the villa known as the *Maison du Diable*, at present occupied by Lady Whalley, and there is a commanding view of nearly the whole length of the Lake Bourget, including the Abbey of Hautecombe, where are the tombs of several of the Counts and Dukes of Savoy. Aix-les-Bains is reached in about twelve hours from Paris by the rapid trains of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway.

## CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

The following is a list of pensions granted during the year ended June 20, 1887, and charged upon the Civil List:

Louisa Johanna Lady Farnborough, in consideration of the distinguished Parliamentary and literary services of her late husband, £250.

Mr. Augustus Mongredien, in consideration of the merits and public utility of his literary work, £100.

Mr. Jacob Brett, in recognition of his services in connection with the introduction of submarine telegraphy, £100.

Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, in consideration of the value of his literary work, his straitened means, and his advanced age, £200.

Mr. Edmond Chester Waters, in consideration of his long and arduous labours as a writer on genealogy, £100.

Mr. Thomas Bolton, in consideration of the services which he has rendered to science by his investigations in connection with microscopic fauna, £50.

Mr. Charles Kent, in recognition of the value of his contributions to biographical and other literature, £100.

Mr. Gerald Massey, in consideration of his literary merit, and of the smallness of his means of support, £30.

Anne Maria Lady Palliser (additional), in consideration of the services of her late husband, Sir William Palliser, as an inventor of munitions of war, &c., and of her destitute condition, and to enable her to provide for her daughters, £150.

Mrs. Jessie Clerk, in consideration of the literary merits of her late husband, the Rev. Archibald Clerk, LL.D., as a Celtic scholar, and of her destitute condition, £120.

The total of the grants is £1200.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., on Tuesday entertained the tenants of her Ladyship's Columbia Market estate, Shoreditch, at a very enjoyable fête in the grounds of Holly Lodge, Highgate. The party numbered about a thousand.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The funeral of the late Signor Depretis took place on the 4th inst., at Stradella. The King of Italy was represented by the Duke d'Aosta, and sent a magnificent garland of flowers. Signor Crispi has been appointed to the Premiership and the temporary administration of foreign affairs, retaining at the same time his portfolio as Minister of the Interior. The King has returned to Monza.

The Emperor Francis Joseph arrived at Gastein last Saturday afternoon, and proceeded to the Badeschloss, the residence of the Emperor William. The meeting between the Monarchs was a very cordial one. On Sunday they had a conference for half an hour, after which the Emperor of Austria left Gastein, the German Emperor remaining until Wednesday.—The Archduke Albrecht, Austria's greatest living Commander, received, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday festival, several hundred congratulatory telegrams, including cordial messages from the Austrian Emperor and Empress, and nearly all the European Courts.

The members of the Russian Imperial family were present on Monday at the christening of the Grand Duke Gabriel Constantinovitch, which took place at the castle of Pavlovsk.—The funeral of M. Katkov took place at Moscow last Saturday, the ceremony being very imposing. The coffin was covered with nearly a hundred wreaths.

Prince Nicholas and Princesses Alexandra and Maria of Greece arrived on Tuesday afternoon at Bellevue, where they were received by the King and Queen of Denmark, the King of the Hellenes, and Princess Marie of Orleans. The Royal party immediately drove to Bernstorff.

General Paine's new yacht Volunteer has won the Goelet Cup race at Newport against the Mayflower, Atlantic, Puritan, and Priscilla. The yacht-races to be held for the purpose of deciding which yacht shall defend the America Cup against the Thistle will begin on Sept. 13, over the Sandy Hook course. The winner must win two of three races. Arrangements have been made to give the Thistle a cordial reception on her arrival in New York.—A hurricane is reported to have passed over Kansas, by which a town was almost destroyed, one person being killed and many injured.—The fisheries disputes appear to have been revived with some vigour on both the east and west coasts of North America.—According to a New York telegram, Mooney, who recently attempted to set fire to the steamer Queen, caused several explosions in this country, besides being connected with the explosion at Ottawa.

Mr. Robert Dunsmuir and Mr. James H. Turner have been appointed members of the British Columbia Provincial Cabinet—the former taking the office of President of the Council and the latter that of Minister of Finance.

Messrs. Cassell and Company are reissuing Mr. Frederick Whymper's capital illustrated work, "The Sea: its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism," of absorbing interest to boys. With the first part is presented a large print, "The Wreck of the Minotaur," after a picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

After nine days' campaign the manœuvres by the flying column at Aldershot were brought to a close on Thursday week by an attack on Caesar's Camp.—About 4000 Volunteers left London for Aldershot last Saturday for the purpose of taking part in the military manœuvres which have been conducted in the neighbourhood this week.

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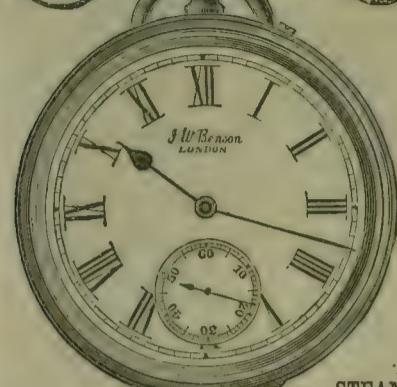
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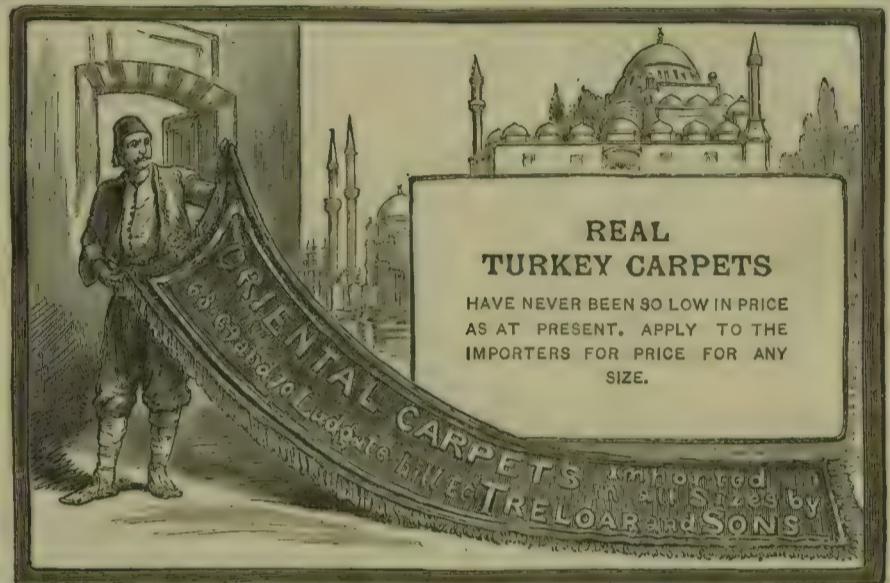
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## THE "SUNBEAM" IN NORWAY.

BY LADY BRASSEY

HE Summer holiday weeks can be spent nowhere, within easy reach across the sea from England, with surer promise of refreshing and healthy recreation, amidst scenes delightful to the eye and to the mind, than on the romantic coast, in the deep, prolonged, winding fjords, "firths," or inlets, and upon the elevated

"fjelds"—the word in our own country is "fells"—of glorious old Norway. The British love of scenery of that character—a taste which is scarcely shared by other nations—might plausibly be ascribed to the Norse element of race in the

English and Scottish people. A thousand years ago, the warlike seafaring emigrants from the Scandinavian peninsula, landing on many parts of the shores of this island, had begun to be largely mixed with its previous inhabitants. The Saxon and the Celt alike felt impressed by the superior energy of the hardy Northmen. Not only along our eastern coast, and in the Scottish "firths," in Caithness and Sutherland and the Orkneys, but on the western side, in the Hebrides, in the Isle of Man, and on the shores of the Irish Sea, Norwegian invaders fixed their dwelling, and became predominant in many districts still bearing the names given in the Norse language. As a natural consequence, the Norse vein of thought and feeling, the Norse habit of prompt, bold, and adventurous action, enter considerably into the British temperament; and some unconscious associations of

sentiment, derived from the original abode of the Vikings in Norway, have possibly contributed to the decided English taste for rocky shores and storm-beaten cliffs, for highland glens and pine-forests, for torrents and cataracts, which other foreigners regard with aversion.

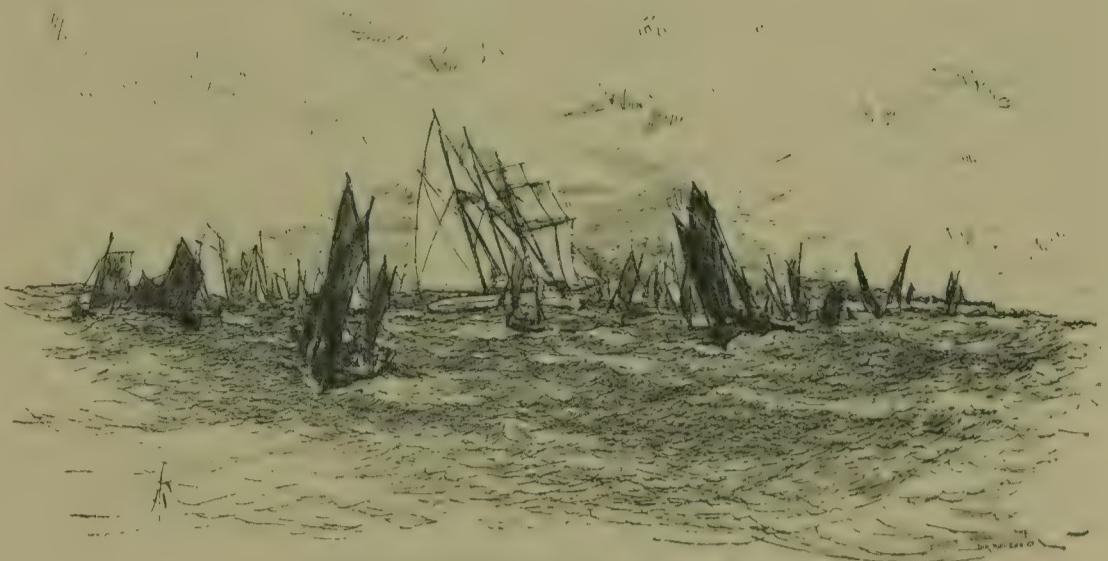
Whatever may be the value of this theory as to its cause, the fact is that English visitors to Norway greatly enjoy the scenery, and that they somehow feel themselves more at home in that country, and with its sturdy, honest, plain-living people, than in the richer lands of Continental Europe. The improved steam-boat accommodation this season is likely to encourage a greatly increased resort to the Norwegian coast; and it is on that account an opportune time for publishing a

series of sketches hitherto kept in reserve which were made by our own Artist two years ago, upon a rather memorable occasion. Though political vicissitudes have since brought about a change in the official position of Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, he is personally regarded by most of his countrymen with undiminished interest, as a man of extraordinary mental and physical vigour at a very advanced time of life; a scholar of wide and various learning, and one whose genial and sympathetic nature, "born for the universe," like that of Burke, would seem truly "meant for mankind," responding generously to all that is worthy of admiration, and freely comprehending the good features of every country and nation. Such a man is apt to be the best of travellers; and Lord and Lady Brassey (Sir Thomas Brassey at that date), who had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Gladstone as their guest on board the famous steam-yacht Sunbeam, found him a delightful travelling companion. Lady Brassey wrote a very pleasant and interesting narrative, in journal form, of the experiences and observations of their party, from Aug. 8 to Sept. 1, 1885, which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* of October in that year; and we shall quote some passages of it, with reference to the subject of our Artist's drawing, while adding such further accounts of the places and people of Norway as we suppose may be agreeable to the reader.

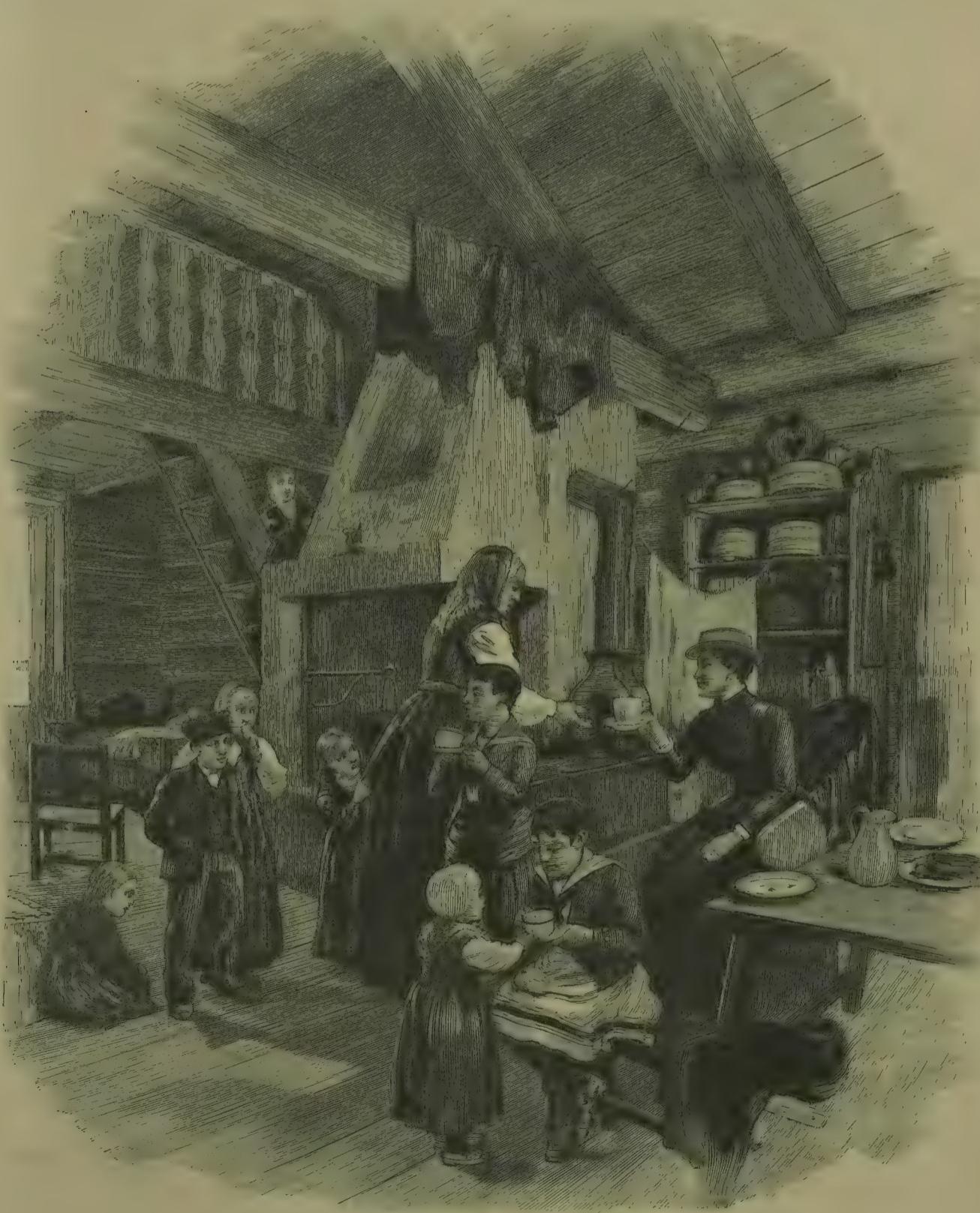
The Sunbeam is a vessel so well known from Lady Brassey's interesting volumes, which have obtained great popularity, relating her long ocean voyages all over the globe, that no description is here needful. Our Artist represents her first on Sunday, Aug. 9, the day after leaving Greenhithe, passing through the large fleet of fishing-boats on the Dogger Bank. Next day, the wind and sea became adverse to the comfort of voyagers; but Mr. Gladstone, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter, and by an eminent physician, Sir Andrew Clark, was persuaded to remain in his cabin, and did not suffer at all. The weather at night, we are told, was "terribly bad;" the yacht, after much rolling and pitching, had to put about and heave to, in the face of a stiff twelve-knot breeze, with a heavy sea running; and the noises on deck, as the sails were shifted and trimmed, must have interfered with the passengers' sleep. They had sighted the light at Ekerö, on the south-west coast of Norway, the evening before, having crossed the North Sea, under full sail, with a strong wind from the south-west; but it had been necessary, on approaching the land, to shorten sail and to get up steam, in order to pass through the narrows to enter the harbour of Stavanger. At four in the morning, the Norwegian pilot came on board; and at seven o'clock on Tuesday, Aug. 11, "we were safely anchored in the small harbour of Stavanger, close to the clean little town of that name; and all met at breakfast in good spirits, though somewhat fatigued by the jerkings, tossings, and holdings-on of the past night."

Stavanger is a commercial port and town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, at the entrance to the most southerly of the numerous fjords, by which the seacoast of that part of Norway, at very short intervals, for several hundred miles to the south of Trondhjem, with the interior of the country, is wonderfully penetrated, showing on the map a very curious configuration. It is an ancient town, dating as far back as the eighth or ninth century of the Christian era, long before Norway was Christian, if its conversion was achieved by King Olaf Tryggvason in 995. The Cathedral of Stavanger, however, was founded in the eleventh century by an Englishman, or probably a Norman from England, Bishop Reinald, and was dedicated to St. Swithin, Bishop of Winchester. The present Cathedral has a massive Norman nave, of the later style of the twelfth century, and a chancel of the fourteenth century, with richly-decorated windows.

At the head of one of the inlets of the Stavanger Fjord is the village of Aardal. Lady Brassey and her husband, with some of their guests, went up to this place in a little steam-boat provided by



AMONG FISHING-BOATS ON THE DOGGER BANK.



IN A COTTAGE AT AARDAL, STAVANGER FJORD.



COMING FROM CHURCH AT ODDE, HARDANGER FJORD.

the British Vice-Consul. They tried fishing for sea-trout in the river at Aardal; but the water was low, and the best pools were almost empty. "The afternoon having turned out wet," says her ladyship, "we sought rest and shelter at a neighbouring cottage, where an old woman, with an enormous family of small infants, provided us with excellent milk and sweet rusks. It was a clean, tidy, six-roomed house; and, numerous as were the children, they were all well clad, and evidently well fed. In fact, the well-to-do appearance of all the people about here is most striking."

"On Wednesday morning, Aug. 12, the Sunbeam left Stavanger, having lain there thirty-six hours, and proceeded northward to the Hardanger Fjord, which is renowned for its beautiful scenery. It is nearly eighty miles long, and three or four miles in average width, running inland, in a north-easterly direction, about fifty miles, then branching into the Graven, Eide, and Sör Fjords; shut in by mountains 4000 ft. and 5000 ft. high, above which rise the vast snow-fields and ice-masses of the mighty Folgefond glacier, covering a hundred square miles. At the north-eastern extremity of the Hardanger Fjord is the Halling Jökel, a snowy mountain, 6350 ft. high, to the south of which are several other mountains, rising to between 5000 ft. and 6000 ft. The Sör Fjord turns at a sharp angle from the Hardanger Fjord, to the south, cutting off the Folgefond from the mountain masses of the interior; this inlet is very narrow, and at its head is the village of Odde, the best place of sojourn for tourists intending to make excursions and to view the grand features of natural scenery."

"The steamer, in ascending the Hardanger Fjord, usually stops at Lervig, where Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and some of their friends, guided by the pastor of the parish, went to see an ancient house, consisting of one room, built of huge timbers, but now protected by a covering of masonry, said to have been constructed seven hundred years ago for a palace of one of

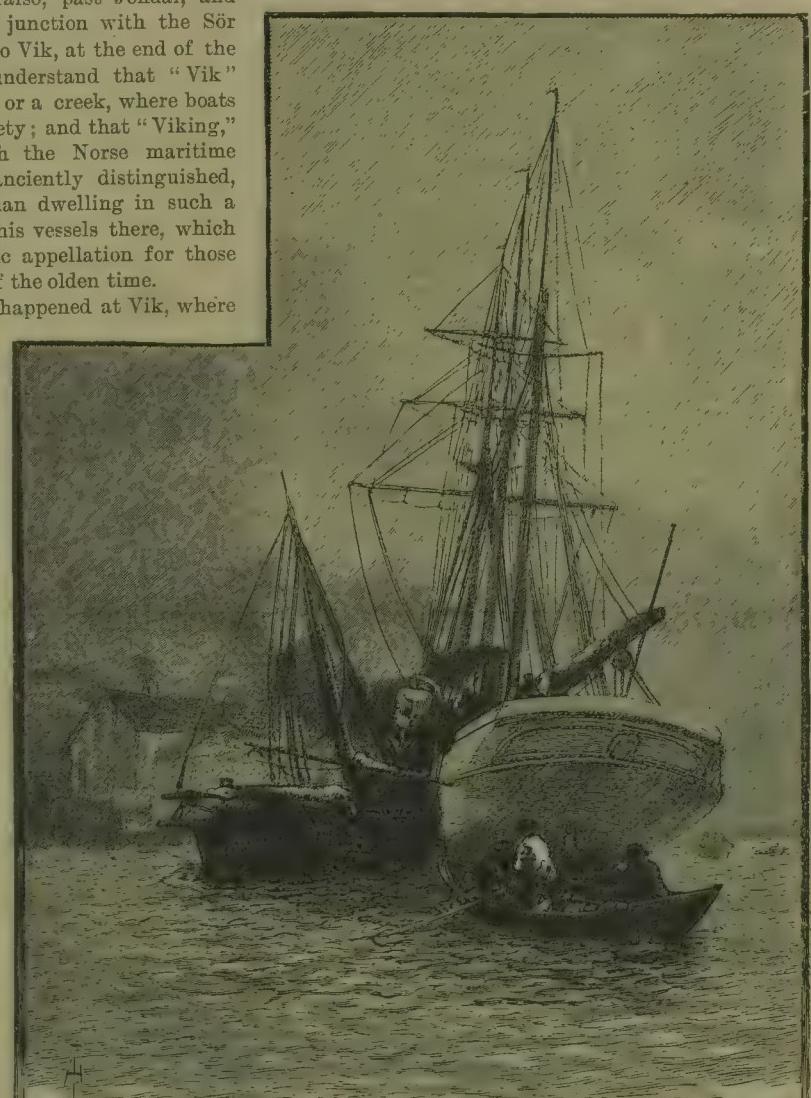
the old Norwegian Kings. In the meantime, others of the party were catching trout in the beautiful lake at Lervig, but were drenched by a sudden thunderstorm with heavy rain. They re-embarked, and steamed on next day, Aug. 13, past Tergen, Terö, and the isle of Varalsö, past Jondal, and Utne, the point of junction with the Sör Fjord, and further to Vik, at the end of the Eide Fjord. We understand that "Vik" means a small bay, or a creek, where boats can be laid up in safety; and that "Viking," the name by which the Norse maritime adventurers were anciently distinguished, only signifies the man dwelling in such a place, and keeping his vessels there, which is a tolerably prosaic appellation for those romantic mariners of the olden time.

Lady Brassey narrates an accident that happened at Vik, where the Sunbeam anchored that evening, close to the shore, in thirty-five fathoms of water, with sixty fathoms of chain run out. At half-past three in the morning, her ladyship was awakened from sleep in the cabin by her very intelligent dog, "Sir Roger," a black poodle—we give portraits of the two dogs—tugging at the bed-clothes, and barking violently. The sagacious animal knew that something was wrong. Presently came the first mate of the ship, Mr. Kindred, knocking at the cabin door, to tell his master that the Sunbeam was touching the shore. Violent bumps and thumps were felt on her side; in fact, she was aground by the stern, lying almost broadside on to a rocky beach, with a sharp stone pier jutting out close by; and she was so close to the land that her yards were actually projecting over the garden of the hotel, to the great alarm of the people in the house, whose figures, thinly attired in their night-gowns, were seen looking out of the windows. The shore descends so abruptly here that there were at least ten fathoms of water at the bows, while the stern was aground. A gentleman named Walters and his son, who have a salmon river at Vik, and who had dined with the Sunbeam party the evening before, observed the dangerous position of the steamer, and quickly procured assistance on shore. By means of a hawser laid out to a buoy, the vessel's head

was kept off the shore, while a little steam was got up, to move her stern clear of the ground; but, as soon as this was effected, a sudden gust of wind, or perhaps the current, made her "swing round in a perfectly helpless and alarming manner, and finally drift down upon a large fishing-smack, which had dropped her anchor rather too close to us during the night, and was now in dangerous proximity. As the two vessels met, ominous cracks and splinterings were heard; and a certain amount of damage was done, notwithstanding the efforts that were made by the use of boat-hooks, fenders, and deck-seats, to lessen the collision. There was no one on board the fishing-smack, and some of our men therefore climbed into her, and cut away a portion of the rigging, which had become entangled in ours, and which, it may be added, was old and rotten. The result was that the wind nearly carried her mast overboard; so that, as soon as we were again free, we replaced with new rope that which had been destroyed on board the smack." Happily the screw propeller of the Sunbeam had not been injured, and she was able to leave Vik at half-past seven; Mr. Gladstone had not been disturbed. The cause of the vessel drifting ashore was seen when the anchor was hauled up, crown foremost, with three turns of the cable round its stock, which had prevented its holding the ground. An attempt was made to remain at Vik by dropping two anchors, each with sixty fathoms of chain, but the violence of the wind rendered it unsafe to lie in that exposed position.

Going up the Sör Fjord to Odde, the Sunbeam reached that place at eleven o'clock of the same forenoon (Friday, Aug. 14), and lay there till the Monday morning. Odde, "a pretty little village," with a plain whitewashed wooden church having a slate roof and tiny spire, is situated on the water's edge in a broad sloping valley, through which passes the high road from Christiania. "It would be hard," writes Mr. Richard Lovett, in "Norwegian Pictures," one of the pleasant illustrated books of the Religious Tract Society, "to find even in Norway

a more inviting scene. In all directions, fine views of waterfalls, mountains, lake and stream are to be had; and there is a softness about the whole region that is most attractive." At the head of the valley, two miles from the fjord, and nearly 300 ft. above its level, is a beautiful lake, the Sand Vand, overhung by bold cliffs and mountains on its western side. To the north is the Eidesnut; to the east is the grand valley through which descends the Buarbrae glacier, of an exquisite blue



COLLISION OFF VIK, HARDANGER FJORD.

colour, gradually encroaching on the Jordal, as the valley below is called. Beyond, up the Tyssedal valley, is the finest waterfall in Europe, the Skjæggdals-Foss, or Ringedals Foss. - It may be observed that the word "foss" is identical with "force," the local term for a waterfall in Cumberland and Westmorland. That of the Skjæggdal (pronounced Sheggdal) pours an enormous mass of water over a perpendicular precipice 530 ft. high, with several lesser falls below it, assuming the most wonderful forms; it then rushes in a furious cataract, between mighty rocks, down into the Ringedalsvand lake, which is seven miles long, and lies 1500 ft. above the sea-level, inclosed by lofty mountains. The roar of the waterfall makes it difficult to hear a word spoken, and the spray is carried by the wind half a mile. Mr. Gladstone and the other gentlemen, on the Saturday, set out for the excursion to see the Skjæggdal Foss, landing from a boat at Plas Tyssedal, but had not time to reach the cataract. It requires thirteen hours to get there from Odde and to return. They saw, however, the Laathe Foss and the Skars Foss, in the Sandven valley, which are picturesque and beautiful in form.

Another celebrated waterfall of the Hardanger Fjord region is the Vöring Foss; which is best reached by landing at Vik, in the Eide Fjord, walking to a lake, and crossing this in a boat, to the foot of the Maabodal, whence there is a further walk of two hours. The river Vöring, which rises in the Halling Fjeld, here makes a perpendicular leap of 700 ft. (the entire height is 968 ft.) with a volume of water equal to that of the Isis or Thames at Oxford, falling into a narrow caldron of rock, from which the spray and mist rise in dense clouds, half veiling the face of the cataract, and disperse for miles over the adjacent country. Formerly, it could only be seen from the top; but a path has of late years been made by the Tourists' Club, giving access to a point below, from which the view is far more sublime. Mr. Gladstone and the whole party saw the Vöring Foss, Mr. Gladstone walking eighteen miles that day.

Lady Brassey's narrative, to which we return, dwells on the agreeable reception given to her party, and the interest shown by the good folk of Odde in the presence of Mr. Gladstone. The Bishop of Durham and two other English clergymen were staying there, and performed the Sunday service of our Church in a large room at the new Hardanger Hotel. The visitors afterwards went to the parish church of Odde, where the Norwegian Lutheran minister, who was about to quit the parish for another, preached an affectionate farewell sermon to a crowded congregation of four or five hundred. Several christenings and funerals were also performed, and the schoolchildren were catechised. Our Artist made a sketch of the party coming away from Odde church after the service.

Another interesting religious and social ceremony, as conducted in Norway, was the wedding of a happy couple, who are shown leaving the church where they have been married; and those who have read the English translation of that charming story, "Synnové Solbakken," by the great Norwegian poet, novelist, and dramatist, Björnsterne Björnson, will sympathise with the feelings of domestic affection which are eminently pure and warm in the hearts of the country people. Their manners and customs in the Hardanger Fjord district seem to retain much that is characteristic; the dress of the women is noticed, with their bright-coloured bodices, their "wonderful, large, snowy-white, crimped caps, and a queer little lappel or point behind," which Lady Brassey fears must often be spoilt by the rain.

Having returned in the Sunbeam from the upper recesses of



A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

the Hardanger Fjord, the travellers stopped, on their voyage down its course towards the sea, at Rosendal, where some of them went to the old baronial mansion, to call on Baron Rosenkrone. He is now the sole survivor of the old feudal nobility, the titles of all those born since 1821 having been abolished by law; for Norway, a distinct kingdom with a separate Parliament, its Crown being held jointly with that of Sweden, has a very Democratic Government. The Baron speaks English very well, but the ladies of his family conversed in German with their English visitors. The house is described as an interesting one, built two or three hundred years ago, forming three sides of a square, like an Italian courtyard, with massive iron gates. The gardens were very attractive, with luxuriant flowers, avenues of fragrant lime-trees, and the graceful mountain-ash or "rowan," gay with its scarlet berries. In the house were many old paintings, and some clever modern pictures by Dahl, Gude, and other Norwegian artists; a rare collection of books, and some curious antique carvings. Mr. Gladstone went to inspect the Kvindherred church at Rosendal, built of stone in the Early English style of Gothic architecture.

Leaving the Hardanger Fjord, the Sunbeam arrived on the evening of Tuesday, Aug. 18, at Bergen, one of the chief seaports of Norway. It is a large town of 40,000 inhabitants, with a great export trade in dried cod, pickled herring, and cod-liver oil, built on the shore of a harbour called the Vaag, and encircled by lofty hills. The situation of this town gives it a romantic aspect; the bright red roofs of the wooden houses, with their pointed gables, behind the long quays, have a quaint and pleasant effect. The Strandgade, the principal street, contains many fine shops and stately warehouses, with some ancient mansions of German merchants of the Hanseatic League. The Museum, to which Mr. Gladstone and his friends were conducted by the British Vice-Consul,

Mr. Jansen, is an important institution at Bergen. It contains a fine ornithological collection, and one of Scandinavian antiquities; relics of the Vikings; weapons of the bodyguard of King Canute, who reigned in England and in Norway; and Byzantine ornaments brought home by the Varangian guard of the Emperor Justinian from the East; with the golden laurel crown presented to the famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, whom English musical amateurs will remember. Lady Brassey purchased a silver-gilt bridal crown of ancient workmanship at the shop of Mr. Hammer, in Bergen. The public garden or park was illuminated with coloured lamps in honour of the English Prime Minister. Madame Christine Nilsson, who arrived next day, was greeted with much enthusiasm.

The Sogne Fjord is the largest of those remarkable inlets by which the southern portion of the Scandinavian peninsula is profoundly indented on the Atlantic coast. Its entrance is seventy or eighty miles north of Bergen. The principal fjord is 106 miles long, four miles wide, and in some places 4000 ft. deep. It has many inland branches; those of Sogndal and Fjærland to the north, leading to the Jostedal and its stupendous glaciers; the Lyster Fjord, which extends to a distance of 120 miles from the seacoast, approaching the foot of Galdhöppigen, the loftiest mountain in Norway; the Aurdal and Lårdal branches, whence the shore rises towards the Fille Fjeld; and, on the south side, the beautiful twofold inlet giving access to the Nærødal, guarded by the Stegenæse, the Blåskar, the Fresviks Bræ, and other mountains. Some of the grandest Norwegian scenery is in this region, but can also be reached by taking the railway from Bergen to Vossevangen, and thence driving to Gudvangen on the Nærø Fjord.

The scenery of the Sogne Fjord is more rugged, sombre, and frowning than that of the Hardanger Fjord. It becomes, however, marvellously wild and beautiful in the Nærø Fjord, where the passengers on board a vessel are astonished by the continued series of changes, from being at one moment shut in, apparently, by walls of dark rock, to the sudden opening of lovely valleys, the distant view of blue glaciers and mountain ranges, and forest-covered hills. The water of the fjord is pure green, with many variations of tint, harmonising with the purples and browns of the adjacent mountains. Near Gudvangen, the Bakke waterfall, 3000 ft. high, is seen pouring over the face of the cliff. Villages and hamlets cling to the hill-sides; and there are what Lady Brassey calls "eagle's-nest



THE VÖRING FOSS, HARDANGER FJORD.



IN THE NÆRØ FJORD



LEAVING GUDVANGEN (NÆRØ FJORD)

farms," which are perched 1500 ft. or much higher aloft, seeming, at first sight, quite inaccessible, but having some rude path, or flight of steps, down to their boat-houses at the edge of the water. The Sunbeam arrived at Gudvangen on Friday, Aug. 21; and, next day, carriages were provided, by which the party were conveyed up the valley, "picturesque but somewhat chilly," being almost deprived of the rays of the sun by its narrowness and depth. They got to the foot of the Stalheimsklev, where a zigzag road ascends to the summit, commanding an extensive view over the highland country on the other side.

Leaving the Nærödal, the yacht next went up to Aurland, where she remained from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. The weather was very fine, and Lady Brassey speaks with pleasure of meeting some English ladies and gentlemen who had houses and fishing privileges in the neighbourhood. The Flaam, a scene on which is sketched by our Artist, was described to her as "an excellent salmon river." An agreeable incident on board the Sunbeam, after the usual Sunday service, attended by these friends and by some natives, was the

presentation of a Norwegian offering to Mr. Gladstone: the son of an old farmer, Christian Fretheim, brought a curiously-carved wooden bowl, with two handles shaped like horses' heads, and gave it to our Prime Minister, filled with new-laid eggs.

Next day was devoted to exploring the Lyster Fjord, "where the scenery is a strange combination of grandeur and soft beauty; the numerous bays, by which the mountainous shores are diversified, being the site of smiling homesteads, luxuriant orchards, and prosperous-looking farms. At Urnæs, on the point of a promontory, which forms the inner angle of a bend at the centre of the fjord, stands another old 'stave kirke' (wooden church), to which we paid a visit. Externally, it was similar in general appearance to those we had seen previously, though much more Byzantine in the character of its details; while the view of the interior fairly transported us in imagination to Constantinople or to Granada. The north door, in particular, seemed to be an exact copy of one of the Moorish arches of the Alhambra. We were not successful in obtaining any precise information with regard to the age or

the history of the church, none of the guide-books honouring it with a detailed description; but I am making further inquiries which will, I hope, lead to some result."

The return voyage down the Sogne Fjord to the open sea occupied a day and a half; and, at noon on the 26th, the Sunbeam was at Aalesund, a long way to the north, having rounded the islands of Vaagsoe and Sandoe. Aalesund (pronounced Olesund) is a busy, thriving little town, much employed in the trade of the cod-fishery; but it has a bookseller's shop, in which Mr. Gladstone bought a Norse translation of Mill's "Logic"; and we doubt whether an English copy of that treatise could be found on the counter of an ordinary bookseller in a small English fishery town. The steamer went on to Molde, a town of greater importance, beautifully situated on the north shore of the spacious Molde Fjord. It is well sheltered by the hills behind that, we are told, the climate is most genial; groves and orchards of fruit-trees, gardens of roses and other flowers, make it a delightful place, though pretty far north.

The Romsdal, or valley of the Rauma, with the Gudbrandsdal



IN NÆRØDAL.

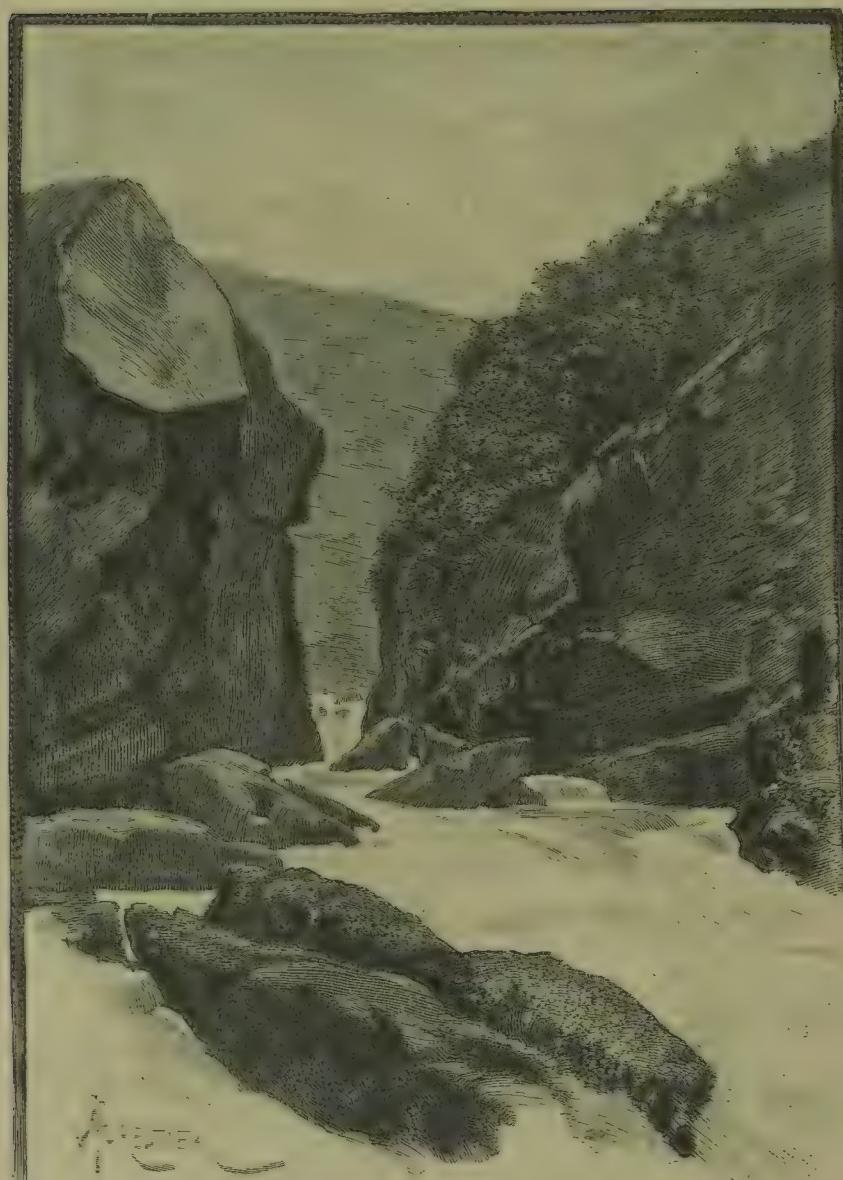
above it, farther in the highlands of the interior, lies on the west side of the great Dovre Fjeld, and of its culminating summit, Sneehatten, which rises some eighty miles south of Trondhjem. Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey, with Mr. Gladstone and the rest of their party, landed at Naes, and took "carrioles," fifteen in number, to drive up this valley. They went past Aak and Horgheim, to Fladmar; but, the weather being very bad, with heavy rain, they could not prolong the excursion. Much of the grandest scenery of the Romsdal is to be found, we believe, above this point; there is the range of goblin-like peaks called the Trolltinderne, the witch-pinnacles, fabled to be composed of a wedding party, bride and bridegroom, priest, "best man," and fiddler, who were turned into stone on their road to solemnise a wicked marriage; there is the sublime waterfall of the Mengen Foss, unequalled in the height from which it is poured down; the Vermedals Foss, and the Sletta Foss, but these are not fit objects to be seen in rainy weather. The Romsdalhorn, 5000 ft. high, which in form is compared to the Matterhorn, was seen by the party whose travels we have followed; its

peculiar pointed shape is conspicuous on every side, and cannot fail to be identified.

While lying at Molde, on Aug. 28, the Sunbeam was joined in that harbour by the Royal yacht Osborne, with the Prince of Wales and his companions on board. His Royal Highness had seen a good deal of the scenery we have had described. The next day was the Sunbeam's last in Norwegian waters. Taking leave of friends at Molde, among whom were Mr. Dahl, the British Vice-Consul, and his wife, Lady Brassey records the departure from those shores, and the homeward voyage to Inverness, terminating one of the most interesting expeditions that can be performed, in so short a time, by those who love to see the grand and varied aspects of nature, and who may cherish, with good reason, a hearty liking for Norway and its people, so much akin to our own country and nation.

Not everybody who would like to see Norway is so fortunate as to have a private steam-yacht at his disposal; and it may be convenient to some of our readers to learn the public arrangements for travelling in that country. Steam-boats ply along the coasts and up the fjords, carrying goods,

cattle, and passengers, at very low fares, to most of the villages and stations which have been mentioned; but they are not very punctual, and are often delayed by bad weather. The facilities of inland travel are confined to the southern part of Norway; they can scarcely be expected anywhere north of Trondhjem. That city is connected with Christiania, the capital, by a railway 347 miles long, the journey being performed in twenty-four hours. There are two good roads from Christiania to the fjords of the west coast—one through the Valders district, the other through Hallingdal, meeting at the head of the Lærdal valley. The main road from the capital to Molde passes through the Gudbrandsdal, or Valley of the Lægen, and the Romsdal, giving views of some of the grandest mountain scenery; branching off from this, to the right, are the roads to the Glommen and Gula valleys, and over the Dovre Fjeld. The regulations and customs prescribed for the accommodation of travellers are very good; the roads are divided into stages, varying from five to twelve miles in length; at the end of each stage is a station where horses and vehicles can be hired, and some of



THE FLAAM RIVER (SOGNE FJORD).

the neighbouring peasants are bound, in their turn, to provide these at a charge fixed by law, if the station-master, who also keeps an inn, with food and lodging, has not sufficient horses in reserve. It is usual, however, to send beforehand a "forbud," or written order, specifying the time at which the horse and carriage will be required, as the hiring is commonly from one stage to another. The average cost of posting for a single person is only about threepence an English mile, or fivepence for two persons together. An official hand-book is published yearly, which sets forth the distances and the exact charges between all the stations. A single traveller goes in a "carriole," which is a light two-wheeled vehicle, with one small seat mounted on a long frame of elastic ash, projecting far behind, where the luggage is strapped on, and giving ample room to stretch the legs in front; it has no springs, but the elasticity of the frame and of the long shafts prevents much

jolting. The harness is simple: the reins are often of rope, and are drawn through a wooden mounting on the horse's back, which is protected by a soft pad of sheepskin. With this equipage, a good Norwegian pony can trot ten miles an hour, if his driver pleases; but the rate is commonly much slower, as the peasants do not choose to overwork their horses. Another kind of vehicle much used is the "stolkjär," which is a mere rough cart with one broad seat resting on a spring, and the passenger is disagreeably affected by the jarring of his feet on the floor of the cart. One would prefer riding on horseback or walking. The country inns or posting-houses are not luxurious, but the food is plain and wholesome, and the people are cleanly in their habits, as well as honest and friendly. Travelling in Norway presents no real hardships or extreme fatigues to ladies or gentlemen in tolerably sound health, and is likely to bring them into a robust condition before they return to England. We may add that the voyage from Hull to Stavanger or to Bergen, by the fine steam-ship *Eldorado*, of the Wilson Line (twenty-seven hours to Stavanger), or



URNÆS CHURCH (SOGNE FJORD).

from Leith, by the *Kong Olaf*, weekly, with other vessels specially adapted to this traffic, is so conducted as to deprive the North Sea, in summer, of its fancied terrors even for persons of weakly constitution. As the brave old Scottish ballad has it, "To Norroway, o'er the faem," is an excellent motto for those in need of recreation, when the month of August has released them, at length, from the toils of the London season.

Some travellers, indeed, who care more for the study of mankind, and of the social and political life of foreign nations, than for wild and picturesque natural scenery, will perhaps be inclined to visit the capital, in the first place, and to acquaint themselves with the institutions of the kingdom of Norway. A little account of its position and of its past history, from this point of view, will be acceptable to such readers. The country, though one of the largest in Europe, extending a thousand miles to the North Cape, and having in one part a breadth of 280 miles, contains but two million people, who are a nation quite distinct from the Swedes and from the Danes, but have, at different periods, been connected now with Sweden, now with Denmark, by dynastic

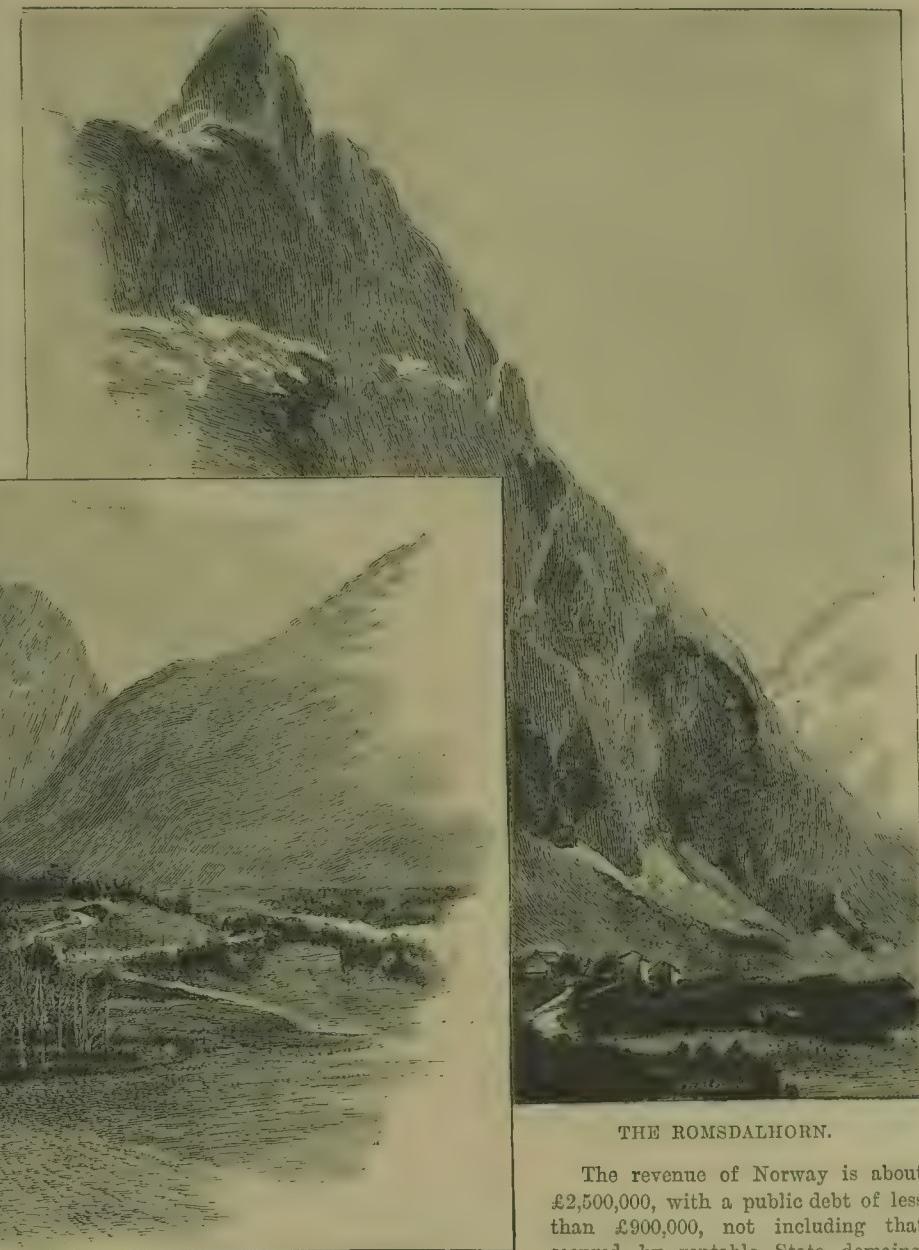


ÅALESEND.

combinations. In the fourteenth century, under Magnus Smek, the two kingdoms of Norway and Sweden were united for a time; and in 1397, by the compact of Kalmar, freely agreed to in a council representing the three nations, Eric of Pomerania was proclaimed King of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But this rule soon became unpopular with the Swedes, who revolted again and again, and who, after many battles, finally achieved their liberation from the Danish monarchy in 1520, under the leadership of Gustavus Vasa. Sweden, by the valour and military skill of her native Kings, the greatest of whom, Gustavus Adolphus, fell at the battle of Lützen in 1632, contending for the Protestant cause in Germany, rose to be a great European Power. Norway, in the meantime, remained to the Crown of Denmark; but the Norwegians did not cease to cherish a patriotic desire of independence. During the great wars of Napoleon, Sweden having a difficult and perilous part to play between France, Russia, and England, a plot among the nobles procured the election of the French General Bernadotte to the throne of that kingdom. Bernadotte, after the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, allied himself with England against the French Emperor, and was rewarded, at the Congress of 1814, by the acquisition of the Crown of Norway, which had been taken from the King of Denmark. But the Norwegian people did not consent to have their country made a province of Sweden. They held a solemn assembly at Eidsvold, on the Mjösen Lake, and framed a Constitution which Bernadotte was obliged to accept. Norway became once more a Sovereign kingdom, to which, indeed, Bernadotte, styled King Charles XIII. of Sweden, did not succeed till 1818, on the death of the King previously reigning in Norway. The present King Oscar II. is his great-grandson.

The form of government in Norway is a constitutional monarchy, with a Parliament called the "Storthing," at Christiania, consisting of 114 members, elected triennially; every man twenty-five years of age, possessing in the country property valued at £16, or property in a town worth £33 (not annual value), is entitled to vote for the deputed electors, who choose the members of the Storthing. These must be thirty years of age, and are paid for their Parliamentary services. There is no House of Lords; but the Storthing sets apart a quarter of its

more experienced members to form the Lagting, or Second Chamber, which has to examine Bills originated in the Odelsathing, or House of Commons, and may amend or reject them, but which cannot frame any measures of its own. If the Lagting twice rejects a Bill sent up from the Odelsathing, it is brought before a general assembly of the whole Storthing, and may then be carried by a two-thirds majority. The King has a veto, but a Bill passed by three Storthings will become law, though his assent be refused. There are two Ministers of State, who must be Norwegians, and

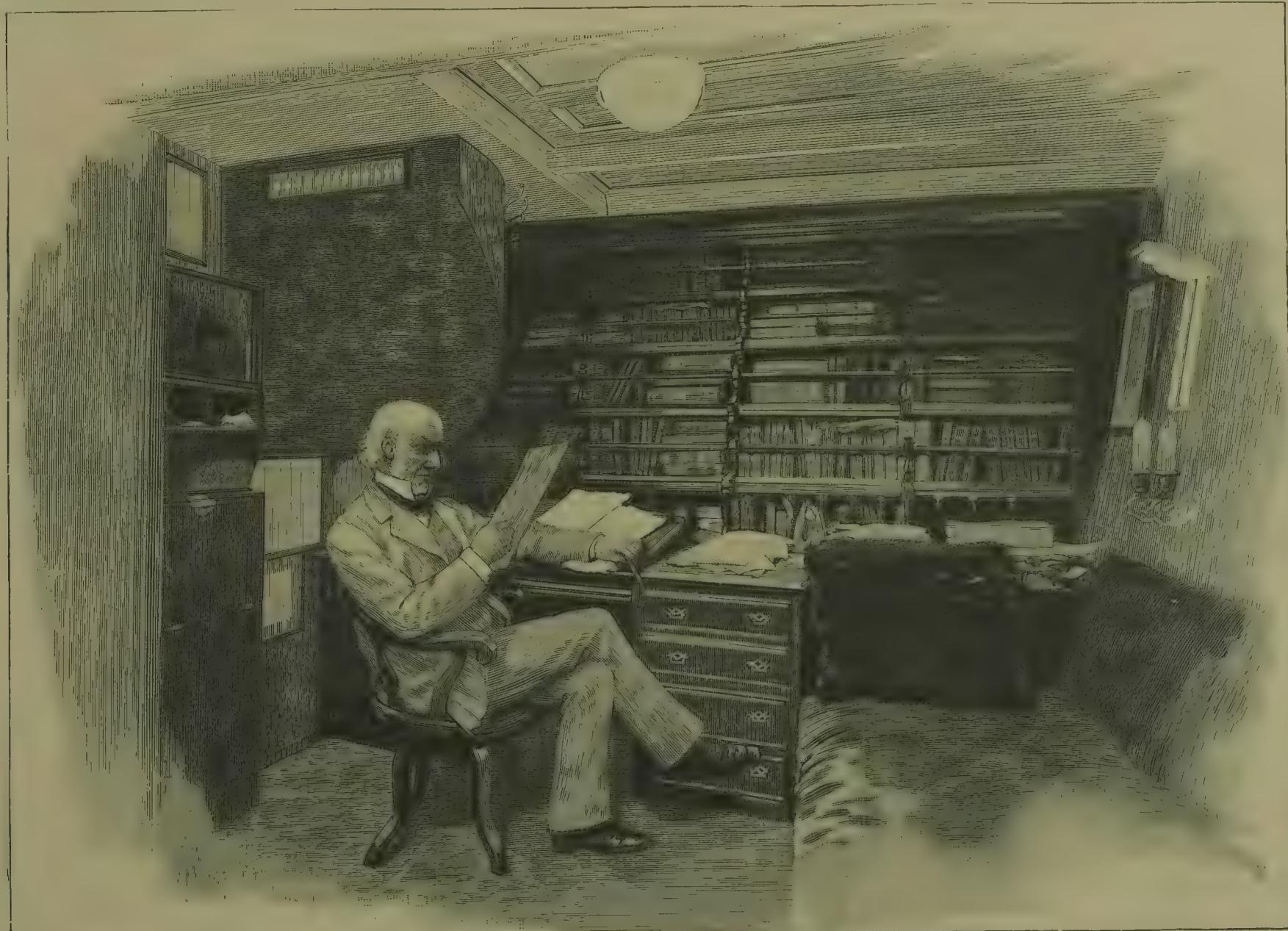


THE ROMSDALHORN.

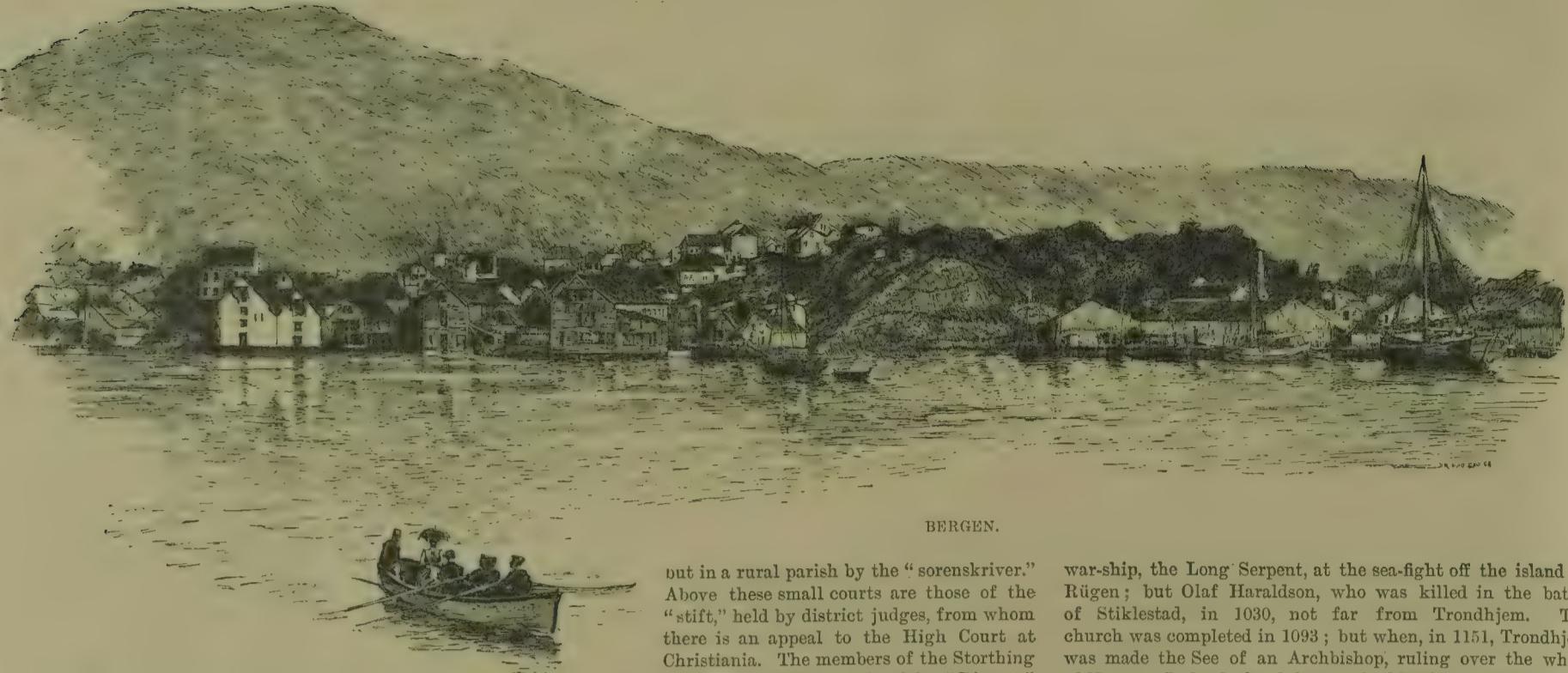
BETWEEN AAK AND ROMSDALEN.

who are, with the Executive Council, responsible to the Storthing. When the King is in Sweden, he is accompanied by one Norwegian Minister and two Norwegian Councillors, through whom all business for Norway must be transacted.

the number actually called out, in time of peace, is about 18,000. Every man, except the clergy and pilots, is bound to serve for seven years in the line and three years in the militia; and the farmers or "bonder" must provide horses for the



MR. GLADSTONE READING IN THE CABIN OF THE SUNBEAM.



BERGEN.

army. The seafaring and seaport population are liable to conscription for the navy, which consists of four iron-clad turret-ships, two or three steam frigates, several corvettes, and twenty or thirty gun-boats. (The total military force of Sweden is estimated at 125,000, and the naval force is also larger than that of Norway; the former kingdom has a revenue of £3,800,000.)

The civil administration is conducted, in every "amt" or district, by the "amtmänd," under whom is the "foged" of each sub-division of the country, with the "länsmänd" or bailiff of every parish; the municipality of a town is presided over by the "byfoged," who holds the local court of justice,

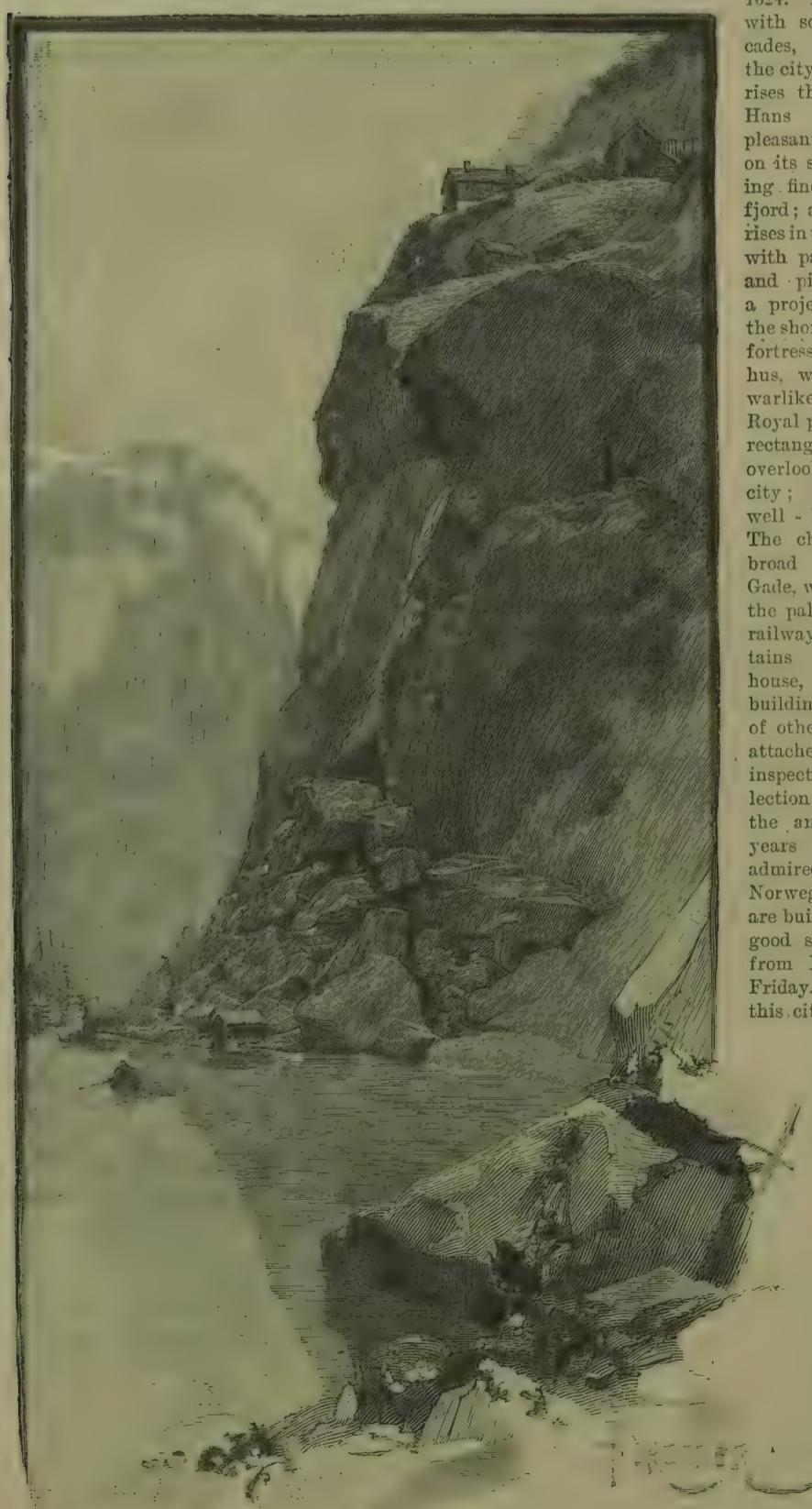
or Parliamentary tribunal, which has lately maintained its authority to impeach the King's Ministers. The provision for the education of the people, as in Sweden, is liberal and efficient; there are three grades of public schools, supported partly by local rates, partly by school fees, and partly by Government grants; and school attendance is compulsory. The University of Christiania, founded in 1813, has faculties of law, medicine, theology, and philosophy or science.

The city of Christiania, which has, with its suburbs, nearly 120,000 inhabitants, is beautifully situated at the head of the noble Christiania Fjord, on the south coast of Norway. It is named after King Christian IV., by whom it was founded in

1624. The Aker river, with some pretty cascades, flows through the city, behind which rises the hill of St. Hans Haugen, with pleasant walks laid out on its sides, commanding fine views of the fjord; and the Egeberg rises in the background, with patches of rock and pine-woods. On a projecting point of the shore is the ancient fortress of the Akershus, which has seen warlike exploits. The Royal palace, a stately rectangular edifice, overlooks part of the city; behind it are well-kept gardens. The chief street, the broad Carl Johan's Gade, which runs from the palace down to the railway-station, contains the Storting house, the University buildings, and those of other national institutions. The museums attached to the University are worthy of inspection, more particularly for the collection of Norse antiquities, which include the ancient Viking's ship discovered seven years ago. The picture-gallery has many admired works of Tidemand, Gude, and other Norwegian artists. The streets of this city are built with much regularity, and there are good shops and hotels. There are steamers from London direct to Christiania every Friday. It is a delightful excursion from this city to Lake Mjösen, taking the railway as far as Eidsvold, and thence by steam-boat going up the lake to Lillehammer. Another pleasant place to visit is Frognerstæter, in the hills near Christiania, where Consul Hefte, at his rural villa, which we described some time ago, entertained the Prince of Wales.

The oldest of Norwegian cities, the ancient capital, Trondhjem, historically by far the most interesting, but now inferior to Christiania and Bergen in size and commercial importance, is situated far north of the places hitherto described. Its fine Cathedral is of great architectural value, and has many rich associations with the events of the past. It was founded, in the eleventh century, as a church to contain the tomb and shrine of St. Olaf; not Olaf Tryggvason, the first missionary King of Norway, who died fighting on board his famous

war-ship, the Long Serpent, at the sea-fight off the island of Rügen; but Olaf Haraldson, who was killed in the battle of Stiklestad, in 1030, not far from Trondhjem. The church was completed in 1093; but when, in 1151, Trondhjem was made the See of an Archbishop, ruling over the whole of Norway, Iceland, the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and the north part of Scotland, a grand Cathedral was erected; and the pilgrims to the shrine of the canonised King continued to bring rich gifts. Archbishop Eystein, the third occupant of the metropolitan See, began in 1161 to build the transept, with the beautiful chapel of St. John, in the Norman style, and with the small chapel of St. Olaf up a winding staircase. He also built the chapter-house. The choir of the Cathedral, and the graceful octagon that now covers St. Olaf's tomb, were built towards the end of the thirteenth century; they have lately undergone some restoration, and present a very fine example of Early Gothic, the columns and pointed arches being constructed of the dark slate-coloured stone of the district,



EAGLE'S NEST FARM (NÆRØ FJORD).



MR. GLADSTONE IN A CARRIOLE.

and the bosses and capitals boldly and effectively decorated with sculpture of very original design, human heads and faces of strong, lifelike character and expression. A good cast of Thorwaldsen's colossal statue of the Saviour, the glory of the principal church in Copenhagen, stands at the south end of the transept. The old Kings of Norway were always crowned in Trondhjem Cathedral, and this custom has been revived in the modern coronations, since the re-establishment of the Norwegian monarchy in 1814. In the fjord, just opposite the city, is the little isle of Munkholm, where stood an ancient Benedictine monastery, replaced by a fort and prison.



LADY BRASSEY'S TWO DOGS.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"Before I reached the Falls I stopped at a hut, and there was a girl shelling peas."

## MISER FAREBROTHER.\*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIP," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### CURL-PAPER CONFIDENCES.

When two young women are closeted in their bed-chamber after a pleasant day, and preparing for repose, then is the time for the interchange of sacred confidences. The events of the last few hours are touched upon with significant emphasis, the gentlemen are discussed and judged, and their personal peculiarities and excellences commented upon with approval or otherwise. However quiet, demure, and comparatively unobservant the young ladies may have been, depend upon it not the smallest detail of the gentlemen's dress and manners has escaped their penetrating eyes. Especially is this the case upon the occasion of the introduction of a new male acquaintance. Everything appertaining to him is recalled, from the parting of his hair to the tying of his shoestrings. It would much astonish him to hear the pretty girls (all girls are pretty in their spring-time), who seemed to scarcely have courage to glance at him, speak of the colour of his eyes, of the cut of his clothes, of the quality of his moustache, of the size of his hands and feet, and the shape of his finger-nails. No learned judge in his summing up was ever so precise and correct, and the beauty or the despair of it is that these gossiping damsels are not only judges but juries, from whose verdict there is absolutely no appeal. Of course, such sacred confidences are all the more interesting when the subjects for dissection are young, unmarried men.

Many such conversations had Phœbe and Fanny held, and now, according to their wont, they proceeded to discuss the incidents of the evening, as they made their preparations for bed.

"I have often thought it a pity," said Phœbe, "that Mr. Kiss is not married."

"It is a pity," assented Fanny; "he is so good-natured and jolly that he deserves a good wife."

"And so clever," remarked Phœbe.

"And so good-looking. Phœbe, depend upon it he has been crossed in love."

Phœbe sighed, and Fanny echoed the sigh. To these young hearts the very idea of being crossed in love was terribly sad.

"I do hope Mr. Linton's play will be a success," said Fanny, after a little pause. "Isn't it wonderful how a person can think of it all?"

"It is certain to be a success," said Phœbe, taking the last hairpin out of her beautiful hair, which fell in waves over her shoulders.

Fanny gazed at her admiringly, and a charming picture, indeed, did the young girl present at that moment.

"If I envy you anything, Phœbe," said Fanny, "it is your hair. No one would think you had half as much."

"That's because it's so fine," said Phœbe, with a pleased smile.

"It's as fine as the finest silk," said Fanny, lifting bunches of it, and giving her cousin a quick affectionate kiss. "But you mustn't think I really envy you, Phœbe."

"I don't. I would change with you if I could."

"No, you wouldn't; no, you wouldn't," cried Fanny, with a merry laugh, "any more than I would with you."

"I am sure your hair is lovely, Fanny."

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"It is altogether too coarse," said Fanny, with pretended pettishness. "But, there!—whoever gets me will have to make the best of it."

"Whoever gets you, Fanny, will have the dearest little wife in the world, and if he doesn't love every hair in your head he will be the most ungrateful of men—and I shall tell him so."

"I wonder who he will be," said Fanny, "and whether he knows that I've been growing up for him."

It was quite a natural remark for a light-hearted, innocent girl to make. Why, therefore, should it cause both the cousins to fall straightway into the mood ruminative—a mood which entails silence while it lasts.

"One thing I am determined upon," said Fanny, waking up as it were; "I won't have him unless he can waltz."

"If he can't," said Phœbe, with an arch smile, "you can teach him."

"Well, yes; that would be nice." And Fanny, brush in hand, commenced to hum a favourite waltz, and took a few turns to it, saying, when she was again before the glass, "What were we speaking of, Phœbe, before my young man popped in?"

"About the play."

"We are all going on the first night—think of that! And in a private box—think of that! The observed of all observers, as Mr. Kiss would say. I shall feel so excited—almost as if I were the author—though such a thing is impossible."

"Why impossible, Fanny? You wrote a story when you were nine years old."

"Yes, and it commenced, 'They were born in India without any father or mother.' Was there anything ever so absurd?"

"The success of Mr. Linton's play will mean a great deal to him. He is not rich, I am afraid."

"If he isn't he ought to be," said Fanny, brushing with great care the tresses she pretended to despise, "wearing his brains out in the way he does. He did look anxious, didn't he, while Mr. Kiss was reading it? And how beautifully he read! I felt like kissing him when he was going through the love scenes. They do kiss a good deal on the stage, don't they?"

"Yes," said Phœbe, speaking with difficulty, her mouth being full of hairpins; "but then they don't mean it."

Fanny made a face. "I shouldn't care for it that way," she said, and then she laughed, as though she had said something funny.

"Do you think Bob meant it?" asked Phœbe, "when he said he was going to be an actor?"

"Bob's a riddle," replied Fanny, "I give him up."

"He might do worse. It's quite a fashionable profession."

"It isn't a profession. Didn't Mr. Kiss tell us that an actor was a rogue and vagabond by Act of Parliament?"

"That was only a joke. Mr. Kiss is a gentleman."

"Of course he is. The Prince of Wales once shook hands with him, and he wouldn't shake hands with anyone but a gentleman. Do you wish you were a man, Phœbe?"

"No."

"I do!" said Fanny, with a decided nod of her head, the hair of which was by this time elaborately done up in curl-papers. Phœbe had also completed her preparations for bed. "And now, Phœbe, let us have a chat." She made this proposition with a feminine obliviousness of having spoken a single word since she had locked the bed-room door.

"What about, Fanny?"

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what God will send you," said Fanny.  
"Nonsense, Fanny."

"Very well—nonsense. Then we won't have a chat. Only"—and Fanny pursed up her lips, and shook her paper-covered little head wisely.

"Only what?"

"That you'll be sorry for it—that's all."

"What a tease you are! There!" Phœbe opened her mouth and shut her eyes.

"Don't move—don't stir!" cried Fanny, and she took from her dress an envelope, the edge of which she placed between Phœbe's teeth. "What is this?"

"A piece of paper. I'd sooner have a chocolate cream."

"You would, eh? Well, here's your chocolate cream—here's a packet of them—and if I don't tell him when he comes home, my name isn't Fanny Lethbridge."

This remark caused Phœbe to open her eyes very quickly, and the colour on her face to come and go. Fanny's right hand was behind her back.

"Tell whom, Fanny?"

"Tell whom, Fanny?" mimicked Fanny. "Now, is there more than one Frederick Cornwall, Esq., in the world?"

"There may be—in the 'London Directory'."

"But they don't all write letters from Switzerland to Camden Town, do they?"

"Have you received another letter from Mr. Cornwall, Fanny?"

"Yes, I have; and here it is. It came this morning."

"And you kept it to yourself all this time!"

"How could I show it to you before? You had hardly been in the house two minutes when papa came home with Mr. Kiss and Mr. Linton. Then there was Bob hanging about, and you know how he scowls when I speak lovingly of Fred—I beg his pardon, Mr. Frederick Cornwall. Then there was helping mother with the tea. Then there was the reading of the play. Then there were the songs. With all that excitement, the letter went clean out of my head—except that I thought you would like it all the better if we read it together quietly here, where nobody can disturb us."

"You are a dear, good girl!"

"Of course I am—and you're another." Whereupon the cousins, with their arms round each other's necks, fondly embraced. They were sitting now on the bed very cosily, side by side. "Phœbe, I have something very horrifying to tell you."

"He hasn't met with an accident—he isn't ill?" exclaimed Phœbe, turning pale.

"Not a bit of it. He is as well as five feet eleven, aged six-and-twenty, should be. No, it isn't that; but it is about him, though."

"Tell me, Fanny."

"For a long time I have had my suspicions, but I wouldn't venture to breathe them to you. I watched mamma; I watched papa. When we were talking of him—it was always I who brought up his name—I set traps for them, and they fell into them unsuspectingly. And then, there was what mamma said, in a pretended off-hand way, this morning, when she gave me the letter from Fred. It amounts to this, Phœbe"—she dropped her voice, and said in a whisper—"they think he comes after me!"

"Why shouldn't he, dear?"

"Why should he, dear?"

Phoebe stroked her cousin's face fondly, and rested her head on Fanny's shoulder.

"I hope," said Fanny, "that they won't be disappointed when they find out that he doesn't mean me, after all. But I don't think they will be when they know it is you, darling."

"Oh, Fanny! And he has never said one word to me!"

"What of that, sly puss? I can speak with my eyes quite as well as I can with my tongue; and Fred Cornwall is a great deal cleverer than I am. I don't positively hate him, you know."

"It would be very wrong of you to do so."

"And I don't positively love him. I like him, just a little, in a so-soish way. How it might have been if I didn't happen to have the dearest, sweetest, prettiest cousin that a foolish girl could ever boast of, isn't for me to say." (More hugs and embraces here.) "I might have fallen a victim to his lordship's charms—I don't say I should; but I might."

"But, Fanny," said Phoebe, in a low tone, her lips slightly trembling, "it is foolish, it is wrong, to speak like this."

"Now, Phoebe!" said Fanny, holding up a warning forefinger.

"Well, I won't say a word."

"That's a good, sensible, sweet-hearted cousin."

"You are not sorry, Fanny?"

"That he is not made for me? Well, it gives me a pang, here, to say no"—she placed her hand on her heart, and emitted a comically pathetic sigh—"because, you know, he is the very loveliest waltzer that ever put his arm round a girl's waist. You said so yourself. Now, confess, I hope, if Fred did—eh?—you wouldn't run away, would you?" Phoebe's silence was the most eloquent answer she could give to her cousin's question, which, enigmatical as it may sound in the ears of unsentimental persons, was as clear and as sweet to the young girls as the sound of wedding-bells. "If he doesn't," added Fanny energetically, "I shall call him out!"

"Would Aunt and Uncle Leth be very angry?" murmured Phoebe.

"Why, Phoebe," replied Fanny reproachfully, "they love you as much as they love me. I should feel dreadful if I wasn't sure of that. We are more than cousins, dear, we are sisters. Just put your ear to my heart: don't you hear it beat, 'Phoebe, Phoebe'? It is a good job for Fred Cornwall that I am not a man. He shouldn't have you, if I were; nor—not if he were fifty Fred Cornwalls. I would run away with you, just as Young Lochinvar did with—I forget her name, but it doesn't matter; I'd do it. Isn't it strange that elderly people can't see half as well as young?—they don't look at what is under their noses, they are always looking over their spectacles."

"Aunt and Uncle Leth don't wear them," said Phoebe, smiling.

"I am speaking—metaphorically. That's not my word, it's Fred's—rather a favourite with him, you know. Of course, if they asked me plainly, I should tell them; but it wouldn't do for me to start it—would it?—till things are properly settled. They will be overjoyed, Phoebe; and so shall I be; for, don't you see, my dear, when you are disposed of, there will be a chance for me, and if a young gentleman comes to the house there will be no mistake the next time, because I shall be the only disposable young lady in view. To that young gentleman, whoever he is, wherever he may be, I extend an invitation—I say, with a curtsey, 'Come!' Oh! but I must tell you, Phoebe, it was so funny. You remember the last time Fred Cornwall had tea with us here—before he went on his holiday trip?"

"Yes."

"I invited him, and perhaps you may remember that I wrote to you and told you to be sure and come and spend two or three days with us. I didn't mention Fred's name in my letter to you, for you would have kept away." It was delightful to hear Fanny's laugh at this innocent badinage. "Well, you came—and Fred came—and I sent Bob off to the theatre, with an order. Now, what does mamma pride herself especially upon in the way of jams?"

"Her gooseberry jam."

"Yes, and it really is very fine; I never tasted any half as good. Well, all the while we were at tea I saw it was you Fred was feeding on."

"Fanny, Fanny! you are incorrigible!"

"Am I? Nevertheless, I am right. When he wasn't looking at you, he was thinking of you; when he wasn't thinking of you, he was looking at you. I am quite an experienced person in love matters. 'Mr. Cornwall,' said mamma, 'this is home-made gooseberry jam—my own making. What do you think of it?' 'It is a dream,' replied Fred. He was gazing at you when he passed that very remarkable opinion upon mamma's gooseberry jam. Afterwards I heard mamma say to papa, 'Did you hear what Mr. Cornwall said of my gooseberry jam?' He said it was a dream. Depend upon it, he means something by it." And I, happening to pop into the room just then, mamma looked at papa significantly, and papa looked at mamma significantly; and then both of them kissed me. I couldn't help laughing to myself and thinking, 'Mamma will have to try her gooseberry jam on some other young man.' And now, Phoebe, we will read Fred's letter."

"How is it, Fanny, that Mr. Cornwall has written you so many letters?" asked Phoebe.

"Jealous?" inquired Fanny.

"No, I have no right to be; Mr. Cornwall is really nothing to me."

"You should have ended that sentence with 'yet.' 'Mr. Cornwall is really nothing to me—yet!' Quite right for you to call him *Mr.* Cornwall; I shall call him Fred, to his face. He will like it—so shall I."

"How you rattle on, Fanny!"

"Yes," said Fanny, composedly; "papa used to call me a regular little chatterbox."

"You have not answered my question, Fanny."

"Oh, about the letters. How is it Fred has written me so many? I have received one, two, three, and this is the fourth. A famous correspondence, isn't it? The fact is," said Fanny, unblushingly, "I asked him to write to me, and he, being such a polite young fellow, couldn't very well refuse. I did it quite openly; mamma was present. 'You might write me a nice chatty letter or two, Mr. Cornwall,' said I, 'while you are away.' 'I shall be very happy,' said he, looking at mamma, 'if I may be allowed.' 'I have no objection,' said mamma. His asking mamma was almost like a declaration, wasn't it? Many a man has been had up for breach of promise for less than that. And to think of a lawyer so committing himself! But I don't believe they are a bit cleverer than other people; they only pretend to be. 'But I shall stipulate,' said Fred, 'that you answer my letters.' 'Of course I will,' said I, without asking mamma; and I have. In the last one I wrote to him I said that you sent him your dearest love."

"I hope you did not say that, Fanny."

"If I didn't, I meant it, so that it amounts to the same thing. Don't be ungrateful, Phoebe. I inveigled him into writing to me for your sake, not for mine, though I do wear his letters next to my heart. He is supposed to be addressing me in his correspondence, but he is really writing to you, and he

knows that you read every word. Is there one of his letters without a lot about you in it?"

"He is always thoughtful."

"A model young man; when he comes home we'll put him in a glass case. And now we must really get to sleep, or we shall have mamma crying outside in the passage, 'Girls, girls, put out the light!' Don't you feel tired, Phoebe?"

"But the letter, Fanny!"

"Oh, the letter! Well, if I wasn't almost forgetting it! I suppose it *must* be read. See—it is addressed from the Grimsel Hospice. That's where the monks are. What a splendid monk Fred would make! He really ought to become one. What do you think, Phoebe?"

Then Fanny kissed her cousin half a dozen times, and proceeded to read Fred Cornwall's letter.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A BIT OF EDELWEISS.

"My dear Miss Lethbridge!"

"That's altogether too formal, isn't it?" said Fanny, looking up from the letter. "Why doesn't the stupid fellow commence with, 'My own dearest Fanny'? It would be very much nicer, wouldn't it?"

"My dear Miss Lethbridge,—Since my last we have had glorious weather, and I have been to no end of places, enjoying myself thoroughly. The only drawback is that I am without a companion, and that I sometimes feel rather lonely."

"If there ever was a young fellow," said Fanny, "cut out for a family man, it is Fred."

"And that I sometimes feel rather lonely. But we cannot have everything we wish for in this world, and I shall soon be home. One satisfaction is that I am making myself well acquainted with the route I have taken—as delightful a track as can be imagined—and that it will be a great pleasure by-and-bye to pioneer someone who has never been to the beauty-land of Switzerland over the ground I have traversed."

"I wonder," said Fanny, "if he has anybody in his eye, and whether he is thinking of a honeymoon!"

"Over the ground I have traversed. I received your pleasant, chatty letter, telling me all the news, and I cannot thank you enough for it. You are a model of a correspondent. So you all went to hear 'Faust' at Covent-Garden; I can imagine how you enjoyed yourselves, loving music as you do. When I was in Milan I went to La Scala, about which everybody who hasn't seen it raves. It isn't a patch on Covent-Garden. You say it would have done my heart good if I had seen how beautiful Miss Farebrother looked!"

"I gave him," said Fanny, "a most elaborate description of our dresses."

"To see how beautiful Miss Farebrother looked. You need scarcely have told me that; she always looks beautiful—and so do you!"

"I come in," said Fanny, tossing her head, "as a kind of make-weight. Out of common politeness he could not have said less."

"And so do you. On my way to the Grimsel this afternoon I stopped at Handek to see the Falls. I am not sure that I do not admire them more than any I have yet passed. They are truly grand; and I wish I could have gathered some of the wonderful ferns low down the ravine to have inclosed in this letter. Before I reached the Falls I stopped at a hut, and there was a girl shelling peas. Quite a young girl, not more than seventeen, I should say; but there was something about her that reminded me of Miss Farebrother. Nothing like so pretty and sweet; but her hair was the same colour, and she was about the same height. She got me some milk, and I stopped a few minutes to rest, and helped her to pick her peas."

"It has been my opinion," said Fanny, "ever since I had the pleasure of Fred's acquaintance, that he was little better than a flirt. He ought to be ashamed of himself. The least he could do was to keep these things to himself."

"Helped her to pick her peas. We had an agreeable chat, although she spoke a patois of which I did not understand a single word. It was very comical."

"Very," said Fanny, with a fine touch of sarcasm.)

"Comical. Then I went on my way rejoicing, and it was quite dark when I reached the Grimsel. The monks are very hospitable; they gave me a good dinner and a good bottle of wine, for which they charge nothing; only, one is expected to put something in the box for the poor before he leaves the hospice. I am up here in the mountains, nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea; outside there is a melancholy sombre sheet of water called the Todten-see, or the Dead Lake. It is said to contain no living thing, only ghosts; before I go to bed I shall go and see them. I am sorry to hear that the firm in which Bob was employed has failed, and that he is out of a situation. Hope he will soon get another, and that his career will shed lustre and renown on the name of Lethbridge. And I am truly sorry to hear that Miss Farebrother has sprained her wrist!"

"Oh, Fanny!" cried Phoebe, "I didn't." "I told him you did," said Fanny, calmly. "When a man is away things must not be allowed to languish. The interest must be kept up somehow."

"Sprained her wrist. She must take the greatest care of it. Of course you do not allow her to touch the piano. You ask me how she would look with her hair cut short!"

"Well!" gasped Phoebe. "It is really too bad of you. Nothing could induce me to have my hair cut off. I have never mentioned such a thing." "I mentioned it," said Fanny, with a little laugh. "Trust me for managing these affairs. He will be overjoyed when he comes home and finds your hair just as beautiful as when he left. He will say something about it, to which you will reply—exposing me, of course—and then he will pay you no end of compliments."

"With her hair cut short. Are you serious? I know what a quiz you are, and I suspect you are amusing yourself at my expense. I can hardly believe that Miss Farebrother has any such intention. I never saw such beautiful hair as hers!"

"Thank you, Sir," said Fanny.

"Such beautiful hair as hers, and she will be doing very wrong if she allows herself to be persuaded to adopt what I consider an odious fashion. You know my opinion about mannish women; I would banish them to some distant island if I had my way, where, as there would be no men among them, there might be a chance of their recovering their right senses. When I was in Milan I bought three lace handkerchiefs: one for Miss Farebrother, one for yourself, and one for your kind mother. I have something also for Uncle Leth and Bob. Please give them all my very kindest regards, and tell Aunt Leth I am longing to have tea with her, and to taste her wonderful gooseberry jam again."

(Fanny had to stop here to laugh, and then she said, "Look, Phoebe, here are a lot of dots. His recollection of the gooseberry jam overcame him, and he went out to the Dead Lake, to see the ghosts!")

"I threw down my pen, and went out for a stroll. It is a beautiful night. The Dead Lake does not sustain its reputation when the stars are shining on it. I tried to conjure up the

ghosts, but they would not come. Instead of ghosts all sorts of pleasant memories took shape, for the chief of which I have to thank your happy home. I thought of you all, and of the many acts of hospitality for which I am indebted to you. There is in such scenes as this a spirit of peace inexplicably soothing, forming a reminiscence to be long remembered. The reflection of the stars in the still waters rendered it impossible to credit their evil reputation. The lake was a fairy lake, and as such I shall always think of it. Upon entering the hospice I heard the monks praying in low voices. Now I must to bed. Convey my kindest remembrances to Miss Farebrother, and receive the same yourself, from

"Yours very sincerely, FREDERICK CORNWALL."

"That is something like a letter," said Fanny. "Fred is quite a poet. Don't you think so?"

"He writes beautifully," replied Phoebe.

"Lace handkerchiefs," said Fanny. "I wonder whose will be the prettiest? Mine, I should say."

"You deserve the best."

"There can be no doubt of that; but then men are so ungrateful. I must confess I can't quite get over that girl at Handek. The idea of his helping her to shell peas!"

"It was very kind of him."

"It was nothing of the sort; it was a downright shameless piece of flirtation, and I shall take him to task for it. I shouldn't so much have minded it if I had been the girl; would you? Oh, how foolish of me!—there is a postscript to the letter. Just think of a young woman forgetting a 'P.S.!"

"As if you did not know it was there!" said Phoebe, with a tender smile. "What does it say?"

"Well, I never! Just listen. 'P.S.—My own dearest girl!'"

"Eh?" cried Phoebe.

"No, it is a mistake of mine! He has left that out. P.S.—I have kept this letter by me four days, and it is time I posted it, or I shall be home before you receive it. I expect to reach London on Friday morning." What do you think of that, Phoebe? How many to the minute is your heart going? Friday morning! The day after to-morrow. I sha'n't be able to sleep a wink. But there is something more, Phoebe: that is not the end of the postscript. It goes on:—Enclosed are two small packets, one with your name outside, one with Miss Farebrother's. I dare say you have not seen the flower they contain. It is the edelweiss, a flower which, always worn, brings luck and good fortune. If you will give me the opportunity when I come home I shall regard it as a great favour if you will allow me to put a piece of edelweiss in lockets for you both.—With constant regards, Fred. C." Here is your packet, Phoebe."

Phoebe opened the paper, and gazed at the white flower, around which the traveller had arranged a few forget-me-nots.

"He calls it," said Fanny, "a flower of luck and good fortune. I know the right name for it, if he doesn't."

"What is its right name?" asked Phoebe.

"It is a love flower—nothing less. I shall put mine under my pillow, and shall dream of My Own. Not yours—mine; I am not a poacher. I will tell you what he is like in the morning. Good-night, dear Phoebe."

"Good-night, darling," said Phoebe.

Both the girls put their flower of love under their pillows, and had happy dreams.

(*To be continued.*)

Mr. Clement Elphinstone Lloyd, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed a revising barrister on the North Wales and Chester Circuit, in the place of Mr. W. Langford Foulkes, who has resigned his appointment.

At a special meeting of the Vestry of St. Mary-le-Strand on the 4th inst. it was stated that the church was in an unsound and dangerous condition, and it was decided to carry out a thorough examination of the fabric. A proposal to pull down the building and rebuild it elsewhere was met by the statement that the Metropolitan Board of Works estimated the cost at £10,000.

At a quarterly court of Governors of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, held at the hospital on the 4th inst., the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), referred to the continued usefulness of the charity, the whole of the 321 beds in the two buildings having been in full occupation. The committee were compelled to renew their appeal for help, the funds having fallen off in amount during the recent season. Foremost among the contributions which were acknowledged was a Jubilee gift of £250 from Mr. and Mrs. Virtue Edwards.

The second part of Mr. Henry Wallis' *Notes on Early Persian Pottery* (Bernard Quaritch) follows its predecessor after an interval of two years. Collectors might have hoped that the words of wisdom of so weighty a counsellor would drop less slowly, but the delay has allowed Mr. Wallis to give to his second instalment a value and authority which it could not otherwise have acquired. Last year the workmen engaged in digging the foundation for a house in a Persian town came upon five plates, which Mr. Wallis assigns to the thirteenth century. The decorative motive in four out of the five plates displays a complete emancipation from the traditions of geometric design, and suggests a period when Persian art was momentarily quickened into a love of nature, and sought subjects in the flowers of the field and the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air. The reasons given by Mr. Wallis for assigning these almost lustreless plates to Persian art of so remote a period are carefully and succinctly laid before the reader. He would further place in the same category certain vases of a manufacture hitherto catalogued both in the Cluny and South Kensington Museums, as "Siculo-Arab;" apparently for no other reason than that these or similar objects were purchased in Sicily. It is now an accepted fact among collectors of pottery, glass, and metalwork that the place of purchase is absolutely no clue to the place of manufacture. Chinese porcelain was imported into Western Asia in the ninth century; Persian pottery had travelled as far as Cologne before the thirteenth; whilst along the shores of the Mediterranean there seems to have been for centuries a constant interchange of the art-products of remote countries. The plates and vases discussed by Mr. Wallis, in the present *livraison* of what promises to be the most scientific and elaborate account of ancient Persian pottery, are reproduced in the most elaborate and artistic manner; the colours of the more important specimens being rigorously reproduced. Although Mr. Wallis holds that they may be accepted as the earliest known examples of Persian pottery during the Mohammedan era, they are not the earliest specimens of glazed ware of that country. M. Dieulafoy's excavations at Susa have brought to light works which are supposed by him to belong to the dynasty of the Attabags, who reigned over Persia in the thirteenth century. Mr. Wallis is not prepared to challenge this conclusion; and we may hope that in the succeeding parts of his "Notes on Persian Pottery" he may at least establish the basis which may serve as the starting-point of a complete study of the artistic development of a race of whose fancy and originality we have so many evidences, and whose influence upon successive nations is at length being fully recognised.

## GROUSE.

To form an idea of the interest taken in grouse-shooting, one should see the railway station, Perth, about the Twelfth of August, when the trains arrive from the South. No other station in the kingdom, it is safe to say, can compare with Perth for bustle at this time. The people that throng the platforms are at once noticed to be unlike the holiday crowds that usually frequent such places. Dukes, lesser nobles, eminent and too silent M.P.'s, instead of trying to obtain the ear of the House, are lustily bawling at overworked porters, and find them even more deaf than the world in general. Their questions, like the Irish Question, seem to have no solution. So everyone trusts more or less to his own judgment, and, by adopting an independent course, there is no lack of muddle. The only certain instructions, "Change here!" are simple enough, as far as they go; but dogs, guns, and baggage, after an infinite amount of worry and trouble, have first to be found, and then changed. Delightful as shooting-jackets and knickerbockers are on a moor, on a railway journey they have their penalties, let the wishes of their fortunate wearers be attended to with ever so much watchfulness by menials.

The bird that creates the autumn sensation and occupation of the upper classes deserves a few words of notice. The female lays seven or eight eggs on an average, but an equal number of young birds rarely arrives at maturity. Wet weather, hawks, weasels and other vermin, thin the coveys considerably. The appearances of grouse can always be studied at the game-shops within a surprisingly short time of the hour when shooting should have begun. But on account of the extra price obtained for the consignments that arrive first in the market, there is reason to fear that guns are sometimes doing their deadly work while grouse are yet under the protection of the game law. This, it is needless to say, does not happen on moors where the persons who have the right to shoot over them are respectable. But poachers defy every law by making their bags in the early morning, before keepers are astir. The training of dogs, and the vigilance that they are required to bestow on poachers, leave keepers unusually well employed on the eve of the long-looked-for Twelfth. When the morning of the great day arrives, it not only causes a commotion among sportsmen, but acts like the fall of a shower of gold. Though Highland lairds gather the bulk of this welcome shower, poor folk get their share. Those who may have been railing against game and privilege in the abstract, show in practice a decided eagerness for the privilege of carrying a game-bag. The post of a gillie is a coveted one, offering fair wages and an easy life while it lasts. Generally a day's rest intervenes between each day's active service on the moor. There are those who affirm that young men in the Highlands are demoralised and not benefited by their sporting patrons. For the chance of a few months' employment during the shooting season, they remain idle at home the rest of the year, while otherwise they would push an entrance into the busy world. There is, no doubt, much truth in this contention; but, on the other hand, gillies' wages do not always fall to lazy persons. There are some that could not better their condition by leaving, and then lads home from college are not too proud to don a bag to help to take them back again, an M.A. being even known to come forward. Indeed, except on the Twelfth itself, gillies' duties are, to them, mere amusement. But, on the opening day, gentlemen must strive to make a record worthy to appear beside other records in the lists published by the newspapers. Therefore, they are up early, and, after being driven to the moor, perhaps walk forty miles among the heather before night. The dogs, pointers or setters, go in advance in the charge of a man. The dogs make the presence of grouse known by pointing. A well-trained dog knows its business so thoroughly that it will pass anything living except game with the utmost indifference. When there are grouse among the heather, a halt and a point proclaim the fact. Then the gentleman advances, fires over the dog, and the gillies pick up the dead birds. They put them into bags which they carry on their backs, and when these are full they are taken to a man in attendance with a pony. The excitement of the sport and the bracing air may ward off fatigue for a time, but weary limbs gradually come to men and dogs and compel them to give the grouse a respite. As a rule, the sport has to be discontinued on account of the dogs becoming useless.

Towards the end of the season, especially if the weather has been wet or stormy, grouse do not keep in the family parties which are called coveys, but congregate together in packs, and afterwards they turn so wild and wakeful that there is much difficulty experienced in getting within gunshot of them. Flying paper kites, in the shape of a hawk, is sometimes resorted to as a means of keeping them down. On seeing the artificial hawk they lie close to the ground for concealment, and find, when too late, that they have worse enemies than hawks. Kites, however, are troublesome things to manage, and are, consequently, only used as a last resort.

On some moors, of late years, hawking has been revived with some success. Of course, hawks have no chance against breechloaders as far as the making of bags is concerned, but this old sport is well worthy of preservation. To lovers of nature in particular, hawking is an agreeable change from the modern custom of tumbling birds over by the dozen. The commercial element enters largely into so-called sport now-a-days, otherwise mere numbers would not be so much thought about. A "canny chiel," by sending his birds to market, and giving a few friends the right to shoot over his ground—at, say, £200 apiece—can sometimes make both ends meet without having anything so disagreeable to do as to sign his name to a cheque for his own sport. Were it not that the proprietors of shooting usually limit the number of birds to be killed, grouse would soon cease to exist on some moors. On the other hand, that not altogether fabulous character, the "Cockney Sportsman," may have to satisfy himself with a fraction of the number of brace to which he is legally entitled, unless he makes very good use of his keeper.

Grouse disease, now being investigated by no less a specialist than M. Pasteur, has hitherto baffled every endeavour to arrive at the cause of its origin. It was first noticed in 1817, although probably its baneful influence was exerted long enough previously. Where this mysterious epidemic breaks out, it is generally productive of great mortality among the birds. The immediate cause of death can be traced to parasites within the intestines; but the puzzling fact remains that the same parasites, in fewer numbers, are found in healthy birds. Various theories have been propounded to account for grouse disease—among them the eating of frosted heather, overstocking, the disturbance of the balance of Nature, wet seasons, dry seasons, feeding on corn in late seasons, and, the absurdest of all, that the birds died from picking up the pellets on heavily-shot moors. Unfortunately, there is absolutely no evidence in support of any of these views, and, to add to the mystery that surrounds the subject, some grouse die plump and fat, others emaciated to the last degree; in some places the cocks seem to suffer more than hens, in others the hens more than cocks. M. Pasteur may solve the problem as to cause, but it is doubtful whether he can suggest a remedy; and some authorities are now advocating a change of stock all over the country as the one prevention likely to be effectual.

J. S.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

AMATEUR (Havannah).—Many thanks for the games. They are very acceptable. R. K. (Brunn).—After 1. B f5 to e6, P e5 to e4; B h6 to g5, K d4 to e5; there is no mate next move. We cannot reply through the post.

R. H. (Perth).—Yes to both your queries.

J. S. L. (Natal).—Glad to see your name in our list of solvers again.

G. H. (Manchester).—Your amended diagram shall be examined.

W. B. (Stratford).—Please examine the following solution of your last contribution. Black's moves are all forced.—1. K to Kt sq, 2. K to B sq, 3. K to Q sq, and 4. Q to Q 2nd, mate.

L. D. (Stratford).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.

W. H. D. (Wolverhampton).—You are incorrigible. The man who cannot discern the mate in No. 2256—after 1. Kt to Q 5th, P takes Kt; by way of 2. Q to Kt 6th (ch), &c.—should abandon chess for solitaire, or some other simple pastime.

NORTH-BAC (Caterham).—See the solution below.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2257, 2248, and 2219 received from J. S. Logan (Blackpool, Natal); of No. 2255 from Richard Kundmiller (Mugelburg); Rev. John Wills (Barnstaple, U.S.A.); A. S. (the Hague); of No. 2254 from E. French, Coevorden; of Northumbria; Lucio Vecchi, Casimiro Basto, T. G. Ware, Congo, Peterborough, Henry G. King, Fairthorne, Richard Kundmiller (Mugelburg); of No. 2257 from Hereward, R. Kundmiller, E. E. H., An Amateur of Liege, Rev. R. French, Dr. White, Emile Frau, and Fairthorne.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2258 received from North-Bac, N. S. Harris, Shadforth, Featherstone, R. H. Brooks, C. E. P., Jupiter Junior, James D. Hannen, E. Elsbury, Thomas Chown, W. Hillier, E. French, R. L. Southwell, L. Wyman, F. Loraine, Coevorden, Nerina, Jean de Paris (Liege), L. Walsh, R. G. B. Wood, Major Prichard, Osmund Ben Nevis, J. A. Schmidke, C. Darragh, Rev. W. Cooper, H. Wardrobe, London, E. Casella (Paris), R. W. Spencer, Joseph Ainsworth, Edward L. Peckham, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), George Austen, John Dudley, E. C. Bremner, W. Hillier, and Falcon (Antwerp).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2259 and 2255 received from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2257 from T. Roberts, Columbus, Peterhouse, and Pierce Jones; of No. 2258 from An Amateur of Liege, Bernard Reynolds, A. R. Austen, Peterhouse, Rudolph Koeser, Pierce Jones, J. C. Bremner, and A. H. Bagot; of HER. BANDERNAK'S PROBLEM from Mrs. Kelly, T. G. Ware (Ware), E. London, W. Biddle, Major Prichard, Bernard Reynolds, North-Bac, Thomas Chown, R. H. Brooks, Shadforth, Kilnacolin, E. Tweddell, E. Casella (Paris), R. W. Spencer, Joseph Ainsworth, Edward L. Peckham, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), George Austen, John Dudley, E. C. Bremner, W. Hillier, and Falcon (Antwerp).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2250 received from Shadforth, H. Reeve, J. Hepworth Shaw, E. Featherstone, Hereward, E. Elsbury, J. A. Schmidke, Jupiter Junior, L. Desagnes, Otto Bulder, An Amateur of Liege, E. E. H., G. W. Law, Mrs. Kelly, L. Wyman, Nerina, Lent-C. Col. Loraine, Ben Nevis, T. Roberts, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Columbus, E. Casella (Paris), Rev. Leonard Matson (Bedford), W. J. (Victoria), Joseph Ainsworth, S. Bullen, Sergeant James Sage, N. S. Harris, A. C. Hunt, Bernard Reynolds, C. Darragh, L. Falcon, Thomas Chown, E. R. Lynn, W. R. Railem, Rev. Winfield Cooper, T. G. Ware, Melchior, R. H. Brooks, Robert G. Briscoe, North-Bac, and Major Prichard.

NOTE.—This Problem cannot be solved by way of 1. K to Q 5th, Black having a good answer to that coup in 1. R to K 5th, pinning the Knight.

## SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

NO. 2257.

WHITE.  
1. B to K 4th  
2. Kt to K 5th  
3. Kt to Q 6th

BLACK.  
K takes B  
K takes Kt  
Mate.

Black's moves are forced.

No. 2258.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt to K 6th K takes Kt.

2. B takes R (ch) P moves

3. Q to Q 7th, Mate.

No. 2259.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to Q Kt sq P to R 8th (a B)

2. B to K Kt sq P tks B (a Q, ch)

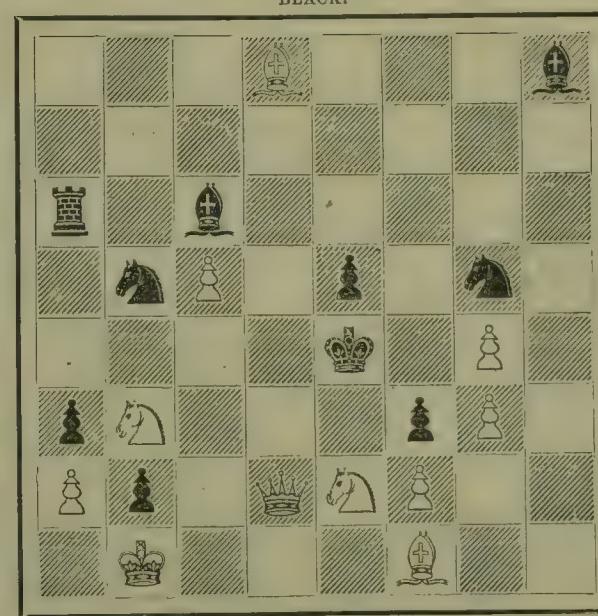
3. K takes Q K to K 6th

4. Kt to Q 5th, Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2262.

By FRITZ HOFMANN (Munich).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The meeting of the Counties Chess Association at Stamford, last week, although not largely attended by either competitors or spectators, was, on the whole, a very pleasant and successful gathering. The interest of the meeting was concentrated on the play in the first division, in which, however, only seven competitors took part. These were Messrs. Blake, Bird, Looock, Macdonnell, Mills, Pollock, and Thorold. Some surprise, not unmixed with amusement, was caused by the result of this competition—the total defeat of the veterans by the "younger sort." The first prize was won by Mr. Blake, with the score of four wins and two draws, five out of a possible six; and the second prize fell to Mr. D. Y. Mills, whose score was three wins and two draws, having lost but one game, to Mr. Blake. The respective scores of the other competitors were as follows:—Messrs. Bird, Thorold, an 1. Pollock, each 3; Mr. Macdonnell, 2; and Mr. Looock, 1. The cup presented by Mrs. Rogers for a ladies' competition was won by Miss Thorold, to be held by her for a year, and the prize given by Mr. Grimshaw for a problem solution tourney was divided by Messrs. Bird and Thorold. An excursion to Burghley Park and a public luncheon brought the meeting to a pleasant conclusion.

The following are the prize-winners in the summer handicap of the City Chess Club:—First prize (presented by Mr. Frankenstein), S. J. Stevens; the other prizes fell to Messrs. G. A. Hooke, T. Block, W. C. Coupland, Rev. J. E. Watson, Stiney Hawkins, and E. S. Cashmore, in the order named. The winter tournament will be commenced in October, and special prizes for that competition will be presented by Messrs. Frankenstein and Mocatta.

The close of the Frankfort tournament was marked by a banquet, Herr Gunther in the chair, who subsequently presented the several prizes to the successful competitors. A suggestion that a match should be arranged between the German and British Chess Associations, thirty a side, is likely to bear fruit. The English competitors returned to London last week, looking nothing the worse for their brief campaign, excepting Dr. Zukertort, whose health, everyone will regret to hear, broke down under the prolonged strain of eight hours chess per diem for a fortnight. He will be welcomed back to London chess circles when he returns, as we shall hope, soon, with restored health and his usual vigour.

Captain Mackenzie arrived in London on Saturday last, looking well and strong, and every inch a chess champion. We have not had such a stalwart one since the early days of the late Mr. Staunton.

The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn gave tea in the gardens of the Inn last week to 600 poor children of the neighbourhood.

The championship shooting-prize of the London Rifle Brigade was won last week by Private Elkington, who defeated Corporal Rothorn by one point. Besides the gold medal, Mr. Elkington won a prize of 15 guineas and the challenge cup presented by Sir Reginald Hanson and Sir William Anderson Ogg (Sheriffs of London and Middlesex in 1881-2).

## ART NOTES.

Signor H. Campotosto's "Festival in Heaven," which by the special command of her Majesty was sent to Windsor for inspection, bids fair to take a prominent place among the "Jubilee" pictures of the year. It has at least the merit of displaying a far greater range of imaginative power than the majority of its competitors for public favour. The portrait of the Queen, which occupies the centre of the canvas, is in a frame surrounded by three life-sized figures, typifying the Past, the Present, and the Future. The first regrettably recording the loss of the Prince Consort; the second holding a laurel branch for her Majesty; and the last, who is seated in the foreground, reading the Laureate's lines, "May children of our children say, &c." The frame of the medallion, for such the inmost portrait may be called, is formed of allegorical figures—Fame, Harmony, Peace, &c.—whilst in the background float the pale outlines of cherubs and angels, who may be supposed to be repeating the good deeds which have illustrated the past fifty years of our national history, and those in which the Sovereign has taken a leading part. Signor Campotosto's work was originally sent to Clarence House at the request of the Duke of Edinburgh, and upon his recommendation, supported by that of other members of the Royal family, the Queen commanded it to be sent for inspection to Windsor Castle, where it remained during the Jubilee festivities. The work is not yet quite completed, and will probably not be exhibited to the public until the autumn.

At the South Kensington Museum, in addition to its yearly increasing treasures, there are just now on view three special exhibitions, each one of which will appeal to a particular public. First and foremost should be placed the successful designs, drawings, and modellings in this year's National Competition of Schools of Art. The outside public interests itself but indolently in the art-education of the classes for whom, in the first instance, the Science and Art Department was established. Now and again grumblings are heard in Parliament and in the Press about the expenditure at South Kensington; but few people, and least of all the grumblers, take the trouble to find out how far the expenditure is productive. The awards of the present year, which are now exhibited for public inspection, will, we think, show that our art-schools throughout the country are producing healthy results, that the teaching is systematic and thorough, and that the direction of art-study is in competent hands. The number of drawings sent up from schools of art was 364,986, from 234 schools of art and branch classes. Of these, 2127 in advanced stages were selected for national competition. Seven gold medals, fifty-four silver medals, 112 bronze medals, and 210 prizes of books were awarded to the schools and students. Among the latter we should call especial attention to Mr. Charles Williams' (gold medal) modelled design for a vase, which reflects the highest credit upon the artist and the school (Hanley) in which he has received his instruction; to Mr. John Rhind's and Mr. Williams' (gold medals) models of a figure from the nude; to Mr. Walter Freeth's (silver medal) group in oil-colours. Miss Gertrude Guise's (Hertford) design for floor-tiles, Mr. T. Dohohue (Macclesfield) for silk hanging, and Mr. W. Prosser's (West London) models of figures from the antique, show well the range of the art-teaching of South Kensington; and the public, with these results before their eyes, will feel satisfied that the money provided by Parliament for developing technical and art studies is not altogether wasted.

The sketches, chiefly in pencil, of the late George Cruikshank, and presented to the Museum by his widow, recall a phase of English caricature when the aim rather than the means was regarded as all-important. Although, like his father, Isaac, young George Cruikshank at the outset of his career chiefly occupied himself with politics, he soon found, as Hogarth and Rowlandson had discovered before him, that the "human comedy," so often turning to tragedy, offered better and more varied subjects for his pencil. His acquaintance with Dickens quickened his interest in this side of his art, and subsequently the eagerness with which he espoused the temperance cause gave him constant opportunities of combining the rôle of preacher and moralist with that of artist and art-critic. It was not always in smiling that Cruikshank applied the lash to the crimes and follies of his time, and we may add that those who can remember the streets and alleys of London fifty years ago, and contrast what they can recall with what they now see, will be ready to admit that the cause which Cruikshank so powerfully aided with his pencil was worthy of the artist's devotion.

In one of the principal courts is now to be found, arranged with admirable order, Mr. George Salting's collection of Japanese and Chinese porcelain, filling some twelve large cases. It is impossible within the limits of a brief notice to give even a bare notion of the value and beauty of this display. Possibly, in the Soulages and Bernal collections individual specimens may have been found which could compare with anything Mr. Salting has secured, but in completeness and uniform excellence the modern *virtuoso* far outstrips his predecessors. Magnificent vases, of every shape and style of decoration, are ranged beside plates and dishes as fresh and perfect as if they had just quitted the Imperial manufactory; though, in many cases, probably, five hundred years have passed since they issued from the kilns of King-Te-Tchin or Kavatski. "Hawthorn" jars in blue and red of every shade—the former ranging from the deepest blue-black to the "after rain sky-blue"—tripods, kylin, vases of every form and shade, here tell the history of Oriental porcelain as thoroughly as the same lucky owner's collection of Majolica (now on view at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club) tells the tale of Western ceramic art. The wonder is how, in the ordinary leisure of man's life, so magnificent a collection could have been brought together; for the most casual observer must feel that individual taste and care have presided over the selection of these works of art. Of its mere monetary value we say nothing, except that no director of a public museum would have ventured to have devoted so much public money to a single branch of art. On the other hand, it is difficult to understand how any private person can have at his command space sufficient to display these treasures as they deserve. We cannot, therefore, express too warmly our sense of the favour Mr. Salting has conferred upon the public in allowing the South Kensington authorities to devote some of their space to this unique collection.

Sir H. L. Watkin Williams-Wynn, Bart., who is the largest landowner in the Principality, has granted a remission of 10 per cent to the agricultural tenants on his estates in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, Montgomeryshire, and other parts of North Wales. A similar abatement has been announced by Lord Mostyn.

The new buildings of Parmiter's Foundation School, which provides a secondary education for the children in the Bethnal-green district, were opened last week by Mr. T. Bevan, the chairman of the Governors; and Sir C. Russell congratulated the inhabitants of the neighbourhood on the completion of a scheme that would operate so greatly to their benefit.



H.M.S. Edinburgh.

Neptune.

Devastation.

Rupert and Shannon.

Pearless.

Mersey.

Fairlie.

Ajax.

Hercules.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: ACTION OFF THE ISLE OF MAN, AUGUST 3.

## "REVIEWS" FOR AUGUST.

*Contemporary Review*.—"Ireland's Alternatives," in the opinion of Lord Thring, present a political problem of which Home Rule is the only practical solution. M. Clermont-Ganneau defends the authenticity of the Moabite Stone against the Rev. Albert Löwy, secretary to the Anglo-Jewish Association, who lately attacked it in the *Scottish Review*. Professor G. T. Stokes exhibits the claims of Alexander Knox, a descendant of the great Scottish Reformer, but an English High Churchman of mystical tendency, to the reputation of having originated the modern Sacramentalist theological movement, and transmitted the germ of affinity between Wesley's religious sentiments and those of the Oxford Tractarians. The painter of "The Scapegoat," Mr. Holman Hunt, continues his entertaining narrative of adventures with the Bedouin Arabs in the Syrian Desert. Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's recent commendation of British rule in India encounters the patriotic opposition of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, who dwells on the impoverishment of the population, and the exclusion of natives from the higher offices of government. The cultivation of popular taste for good music in England is hopefully contemplated by Mr. Spencer Curwen. Miss Julia Wedgwood thoughtfully examines the moral and religious standpoint of a great contemporary Russian author, Count Leo Tolstoi, whose novels are inspired by the endeavour to show the manner in which a literal application of the precepts of Christ would bear on social and political conditions. Miss Sharman Crawford, the daughter of an eminent Irish Land-law Reformer, relates her own successful experiments in the just and liberal management of a small estate at Timoleague. The economic causes of the present general depression of trade are shrewdly investigated by the Hon. David Wells, of the United States, whose judgments are worthy of attention.

*Nineteenth Century*.—The most rigid and complete fabric of despotic government in this age is that of Russia, with the least possible development of middle-class liberties. It naturally provokes, like the old French monarchy, the wildest speculative theories of human perfectibility with the abolition of civil law. Prince Kropotkin, a Rousseau of the nineteenth century, preaches on "The Coming Anarchy." He prophesies the speedy advent of a new social dispensation in which economic communism shall be established by free individualism, without the aid of compulsory laws or the enforcement of contracts, all men being rendered virtuous and industrious by the moral opinion of their neighbours. There is little practical difference between his views and those of Count Tolstoi, except that the one talks of Christianity, and the other does not. Sir Salar Jung, the son and unsuccessful successor of the great Minister of Hyderabad who made his name illustrious, is a clever young Indian with European ideas, who has recently been among us, taking notes. His "Europe Revisited" contains a few just and sensible remarks on the politics of Great Britain, and on the position of Egypt and of Greece, with which many Englishmen would be disposed to agree. Are we to believe in ghosts, or in monitory apparitions of cherished persons at a distance, in the hour of their death or danger, presented by spiritual clairvoyance to the ocular or mental vision of those who love them? This fond superstition has occupied the grave Council of the Society for Psychical Research. Two bulky volumes, "Phantasms of the Living," published by Trübner, contain records of seven hundred pretended cases, to some of which Mr. A. Taylor Innes applies a severe cross-examination, on strict principles of legal evidence. His main point is the well-known rule of our law

courts, that, where the oral witnesses, who may be either self-deluded or unveracious, state that a written note or letter had been in existence to prove the fact, bearing a date which showed it not to have been subsequently forged, this document ought to be produced. "Where are the letters?" he asks; and he finds that, in the whole mass of alleged instances, there is not one proved by a satisfactory written memorandum. The Rev. Dr. Jessop, with much rough humour, describes the dull life of a beneficed country parson, who cannot be deprived of his "freehold" living, and who is excluded from the intellectual and social activities of the world and of awakened life in the Church. Would Rectors and Vicars prefer to be removed to other stations or circuits, like the Wesleyan ministers, at periods of three years, by direction of an ecclesiastical conference?—and would they be put on an equal footing with Curates? Mr. Arnot Reid's comparison of the American newspaper press with that of England gives prominence to a singular astronomical advantage enjoyed by New York editors. They are enabled, from the difference of longitude and of reckoning the hours of the day, to publish in the morning copious telegraphic reports of all the British, European, Indian, and Colonial news, taken from the London papers dated the same morning, which were in the hands of their London correspondents in time for the transmission of the news across the Atlantic, and for reprinting several columns of it in the American press. A converse disadvantage on our side, practically making the day's American news a whole day late for reproduction in London, may partly account for the lamentable paucity of intelligence from the United States in our own daily papers. The progress of British commercial settlements in North Borneo is described by Lord Brassey, from his recent visit to the Eastern Archipelago. Mr. Godkin's circular to the professors and teachers of American Universities, asking them to decide on Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, was a gratuitous indiscretion, the results of which can be of no importance to British politicians.

*Fortnightly Review*.—An historical and statistical account, by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, of the industrial co-operation schemes and experiments in England during this century, seems worthy of attention. Mr. Algernon Swinburne, a poet and not a just critic of poetry, fiercely attacks "Whitmania," by which he means the judgment of all who find true poetic thought and feeling in Walt Whitman. In a third section of his essay on "Wealth and the Working Classes," Mr. W. H. Mallock treats of that productive ability, belonging to science, talent, and invention, which assists common labour to create wealth, and which is represented by capital or riches. "Three Dreams in a Desert," by the authoress of the "Story of an African Farm," must be read as a mystic analogue of the progress of humanity, and will leave a serious impression. Professor Leone Levi's facts and figures are serviceable towards a computation of the material improvement of Ireland. The victory of the Cambridge oarsmen at Henley Regatta is related by Mr. F. J. Pitman with great zest and spirit. Miss Matilda Betham-Edwardes describes the condition of the French peasantry in a highly favourable light, contrasted with the dolorous accounts given by Lady Verney. The enterprise and activity of the Greeks, outside the small kingdom of Greece, are commended by Mr. Theodore Bent as giving promise of a "Greater Greece." Mrs. Lynn Lynton descants on the matrons and other ladies of ancient Rome, and Mr. G. A. Sala examines the millinery bills of Queen Marie Antoinette.

*Westminster Review*.—The political chastisement of Mr. John Bright, following that of Mr. Chamberlain, is attempted

by a Gladstonian partisan who is very angry with the Liberal Unionists; but neither of those right honourable gentlemen will be much hurt. "Prehistoric Surgery" deals with the supposed practice, among primitive and now extinct races, of perforating the skulls of living persons, in order, perhaps, to expel the evil spirits which caused insanity or epilepsy, or as a religious rite. "Young Australia" is an estimate of the characteristics of the new colonial-born generation, where immigration from England has ceased to influence social life. Essays on "the Social Problem," on "Technical Education and Foreign Competition," on "European Aristocracy," by an American, and on "Irish Diet and Irish Discontent," with a good account of Port Hamilton and British maritime interests on the coast of Corea, make up the solid contents of this number.

*National Review*.—The editors make an earnest appeal to Lord Hartington and his followers, as the "Left Centre" of our Parliament, to form an abiding Coalition Party. An offer is made to them of enlarging the political basis of this magazine, rendering it a Unionist, instead of an exclusively Conservative, organ; and the removal of its original motto, which involved a proclamation of "the Tory Party," is a significant token; but still greater weight belongs to the admission of eminent Liberal contributors of two articles: one by Lord Selborne on the opinion of foreign nations, especially of Italy and the United States, against Irish Home Rule; the other by Sir W. R. Anson, Warden of All Souls, Oxford, likewise against Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. Conservative or Tory writers on politics this month are fain to stand aside, except that Captain Penrose Fitzgerald, in demanding a large augmentation of our naval force, indulges in a fling of fierce scorn at the "howling dervishes" and "laughing jackasses" of Radicalism; while Mr. H. D. Traill, scrutinising "the other side" of the Jubilee Medal, declares that English party politics are corrupt and putrid. There is more gentle study in Mr. Hogben's examination of the religious mysticism in Wordsworth's poetry.

*Scottish Review*.—Cremation, or the burning of the bodies of the dead instead of burying, is a system that has gained high approval since Sir Henry Thompson wrote upon it thirteen years ago. Dr. Charles Cameron, M.P. for Glasgow, furnishes a serviceable account of this movement in our country, in Europe and America, and sets forth arguments in its favour. The ancient Scottish coronation ceremonial at Scone, in Perth, which was last performed in 1651 for King Charles II., is described in an article of some antiquarian interest. The problematical advantages of a proposed route of commercial navigation through Hudson's Bay, to accommodate the trade of the North-West Territory of Canada, are propounded by Mr. W. Leggo in an essay full of geographical information. "The Redemption of Astrology" seems a very imposing title for an attempt to prognosticate the philosophical and social results of scientific researches concerning the physical composition of the sun, moon, and stars, and their relation to the physical conditions of our own globe. A notorious crime of Scottish turbulence and ferocity in the time of Charles I., the burning of the house of Fendravie, between Huntly and Keith, with the massacre of six persons, in the feud between the Crichtons and Gordons, is minutely related.

At the meeting of the British Medical Association at Dublin, Dr. Thomas Bridgwater, of Harrow, was elected president of the council for the next three years. An invitation to visit Glasgow next year was accepted; and Professor W. T. Gardner was appointed president-elect.

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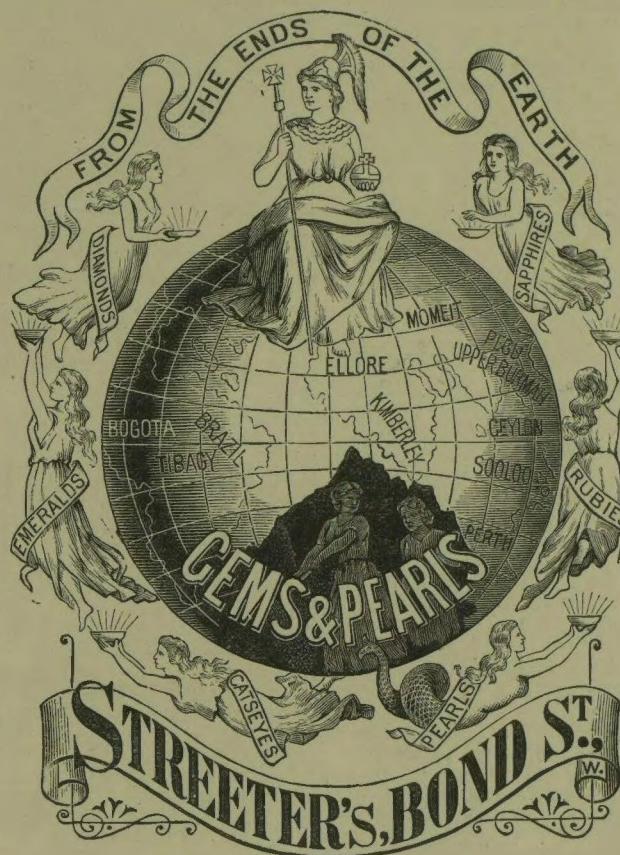
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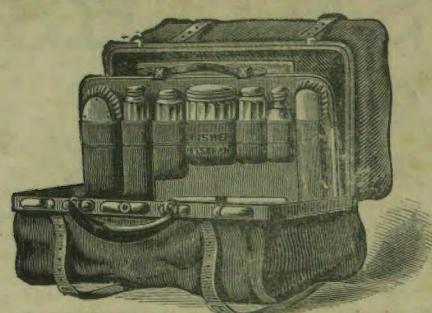
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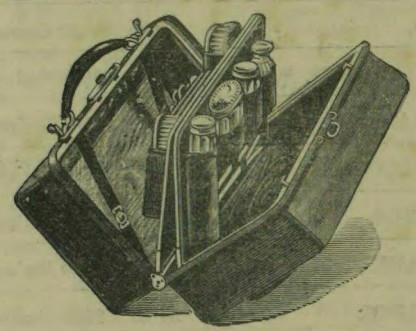
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In Black or Brown' Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair-brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes; Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes; Razor-Strop, Paper-Knife, Scent-Bottle, Jar; Soap-Dish, Writing-Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match-Box, Looking-Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail-File, and Button-Hook; Price, complete, £6, with Plated Fittings; £7 10s., with Silver Fittings.

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The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, fitted complete, Silver Mounts, Ivory Brushes, Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, contains Soap-Box, Jar, Scent-Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper-Knife, Glove Stretchers, Comb, Hair-Brush, Velvet-Brush, Looking-Glass, Scissors, Button-Hook, Nail-File, Knife, Corkscrew.

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## THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn-circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most reasonable prices.

NEW CATALOGUE READY JANUARY, 1887.

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

HONOURS, PARIS, 1875; SYDNEY, 1877; MELBOURNE, 1880;

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TREBLE GRIP EXPRESS RIFLES.

HENRY OR METFORD RIFLING

DIAGRAMS SENT. LOWEST TRAJECTORY GREAT ACCURACY

RIFLES for Big Game Shooting, 4, 8, and

10 hours, 20 to 50 guineas; 300, 400, 450, 500, and 577 Bore

Express—Rifle, non-fouling cartridge-ejecting—30, 360, 340, 330, 300, and 220 hours, from 3 to 10 guineas; Single Hammerless, same hours, 8 to 10 guineas; CAPE GUNS, one barrel rifled, other barrel smooth bore, for shot or spherical balls M.L.'s from 6 to 10 guineas; as B.L.'s from 10 to 30 guineas, COLONIAL GUNS, one pair of barrels, rifled, with extra shot barrels, choked or cylinders, from 18 to 40 guineas, this latter forming a battery of itself for the man of moderate means; 360 to 577 rifled barrels, 10 to 28 bore shot for paper or brass shells. Send six stamps for Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, the largest Stock in the Trade, to G. E. LEWIS, Gun Maker, 32 & 33, Lower Loveday-street, Birmingham. Established 1850.

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